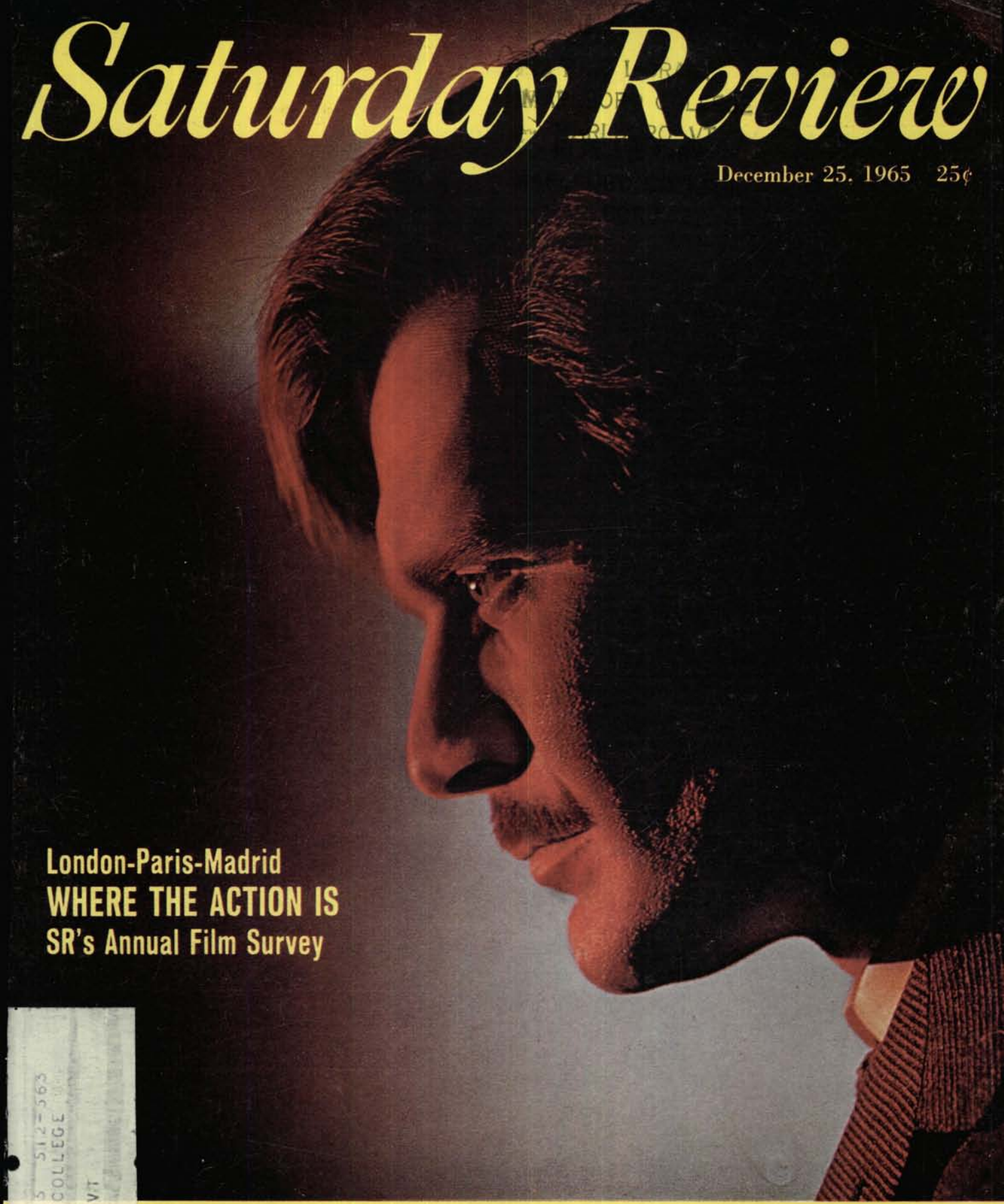
Saturday Review

December 25, 1965 25¢



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Omar Sharif as the young Dr. Zhivago amid the flames of revolution in David Lean's new film (see page 20)

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Saturday Review

December 25, 1965

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Helen

(". . . according to Homer's own account, Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her."—Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities, by William S. Walsh)

The face that launched a thousand
biremes,
That beauty of whom every lad
dreams,
Was pushing sixty years of life
When Paris whisked her off for
wife.
As every schoolboy should have
learned,
Because of her a town was burned;
A king, Ulysses, had to roam
For decades two ere coming home;
Aeneas jilted Dido, queen,
Who, when he left, made quite a
scene.
And all for what? Immortal kisses
From a sixty-year-old Mrs.

—Jerome Partacz.

Ringfinger

I MARRIED an old-fashioned girl. "I don't understand," she said to me the other night, "why so many girls walk around with white galoshes when it isn't raining."

"Those are not galoshes, my pet," I explained, "that is the Courreges look."

"But why do the same girls wear black motoring goggles when they're walking?"

"They're wearing sunglasses. It has to do with yeh-yeh and discothèque," I said patiently.

"Who's yeh-yeh and what's a discothèque?"

"A discothèque is a place where loud recorded music is played. Swingers dance to it and say 'Yeh-yeh.'"

"Oh, I know," she said, "I danced to the King of Swing in a place like that, only it was called a juke joint."

"I don't think they use a jukebox," I said. "They have very complicated audio systems."

"Some jukeboxes showed little movies on top, of the band playing," she reminisced. "Like a nickelodeon."

"You mean like television?"

"Oh, all right. You know, dear, another thing I've noticed is that gaiters and galligaskins seem to be coming back."

Beauty and the Beast

"Really, darling," I said, "I love you dearly, but you ought to make the scene more. Be hip, avant-garde, 007sville!"

"Oh, is *.007* coming back, too? Now that's nice. I've always thought Kipling got a raw deal."

"What in the sweet name of Tom Wolfe are you talking about, darling?"

"I could never read him. A baby looking out of his crib and worrying over world problems—ridiculous!"

How could I explain that the Tom Wolfe I was talking about is a very with-it writer who wears double-breasted white suits, wide neckties, and spats?

"Never mind," I said, "what was that about Kipling?"

"He wrote *.007*. It's about a baby locomotive."

"You're crazy, sweetheart. 007 is a man named James Bond who is an agent in Her Majesty's Secret Service. He has earned the double-0 number which licenses him to kill. He is also extremely sexy and continually being dragged into bed by girls wearing galligaskins. Drat! You've got me doing it! Fleming wrote about him. No, not Alexander, Paul, or Sir John," I continued, before she could say anything. "Ian."

"Ian Fleming? I like that name, dear. But *.007* by Kipling is a locomotive. Look it up."

Sure enough, in my wife's set of the complete works of Rudyard Kipling, in the volume titled *The Day's Work*, there is a story called *.007*, about a talking locomotive. The story ends:

'With a michnai—ghignai—shtingal!
Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein—zwei—drei—Mutter! Yah! Yah!
Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple,
Und she frighten all der people,
Singin' michnai—ghignai—shtingal!
Yah! Yah!'
That is .007 covering his one hundred and fifty-six miles in two hundred and twenty-one minutes.

Not only was my wife right, but it turns out Kipling wrote the first rock-'n'-roll lyric. Yah! Yah!

—Lou D'Angelo.

The Dull Meeting Dilemma

ONE problem that besets most of us is that of occupying ourselves constructively during dull meetings. Sleep is socially unacceptable, and on occasion even vocationally dangerous. Other overt signs of boredom such as filling in the o's on the duplicated agenda, drawing little boxes in perspective, and practicing Palmer handwriting exercises tend to distract and annoy those who are participating actively in the discussion.

Basic research is sorely needed in this field. All we can offer at this time are a few scattered suggestions from far-flung correspondents whose work in seeking new and exciting ways to fight meeting monotony has been largely a labor of love:

Listen carefully as your fellow committee members bleat on, but every twenty seconds write down the word that is being said right then. In ten minutes you will have written thirty words if you haven't dozed off. Try to arrange these words in sentences that make more sense than what is being said in the discussion. You shouldn't have too much difficulty. Subtract one point for each word you can't fit into your sentences. Your fellow committee members will be impressed when they see that you are writing down some of the things they are saying.

If the topic being discussed involves numbers, do a statistical analysis of any printed reports distributed. Count all the a's, all the b's, all the c's, and so on. Set up a frequency table. Arrange the letters in rank order. Compute the percentage of vowels. Devise complex formulas that permit you to compare results you obtained from previous meetings. Send in your findings to learned journals.

If the meeting becomes unbelievably dull, seek a little comic relief. Write down several statements made by the discussion participants. Try to diagram these sentences.

Select two or three men seated nearby and try to guess the precise date they last had their hair cut. Check your guesses with them after the meeting. They usually won't get too testy if you preface your question with a compliment on the sharp crease in their pants. In time you should become so skilful at guessing haircut dates that you can even pick the time of day.

While you are thus constructively occupied during dull meetings, you must, of course, remain alert to opportunities to be of real service to the group. For example, you can quickly second all motions, call for the question if you sense a lengthy discussion, and move for adjournment whenever you happen to note more than five consecutive seconds of silence.

My next move will be to look into an equally pressing problem: how to cope with boors who appear uninterested and inattentive when *you* are speaking or presiding at a meeting.

—Robert Sylwester.

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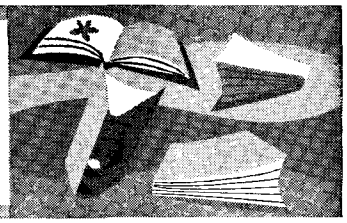
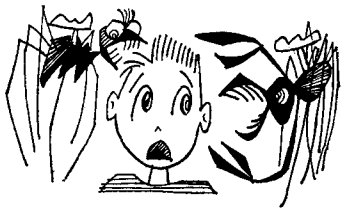
Trade Winds



In the 1965 Sears Christmas catalogue, which is now about to dissolve into history, the action begins along about page 486. Here that enlightened shaper of our future citizens' minds known as Remco Industries, Inc., which is reported to be a toy maker, offers for our children's edification and delight a seventeen-piece set known as "Hamilton's Invaders." It sells for only $8.97, mind you, and when you read the catalogue copy you will readily understand what a bargain it is. Because in one tidy package you'll have a lifetime supply of an "Invasion of the monstrous insects . . . Their claws ready to snap, 11-in. Horrible Hamilton, 9-in. Hamilton Spider and 3 mini-monsters crawl from their cave to grasp for the very lives of your 9 men. Whirling above,



special helicopter drops its deadly plastic bombs . . . your mighty tank rolls in, shells the invaders. Battle-tough plastic lets you, your men and Horrible meet again and again. Shipping wght. 3 lbs."

Waiting for you on page 488 is "Battle Action," a creation of another institution dedicated to the improvement of your child's mind, known as the Ideal Toy Corporation. Here a "bridge explodes, tree falls, machine gun chatters. . . . Truck in rear rumbles onto device that explodes mined bridge into 2 flying sections." The remainder of the next two pages is anticlimactic. There is only a machine-gun team in the burned-out ruins of a house, letting loose "scathing bursts of gun fire. Machine guns actually vibrate and chatter when fired." And what could be duller to a child than a booby trap road that explodes, while rocks fly, at only $1.99—even if the 24-by 18-inch vinyl terrain is "showered by feather-light rocks"? The twin howitzers that fire a continuous barrage for only $4.99 (without battery) are certainly not even in the running. Conspicuously absent in the 288 plastic figures available in the above packages of magic wonderland are *dead* soldiers. In light of the military hardware supplied with these sets, and the captions for the pictures which include five "BOOMMS!," nine "RAT-A-TATS!," two "BANG-BANGS!" and two "ROOMMMS!" this seems to be a lack of consideration on the part of the toy-makers in satisfying the child's genuine desire for realism. It can only lead to total frustration.

Comfort and quiet is at last reached on the next two pages, where we can return to the placid civilian world. For here we have a "Complete set . . . packed with action and intrigue: James Bond and the World of 007." Peaceable citizens will be relieved to know that all the grateful moppet will find here on the joyous Christmas morning will be: 1) a laser-beam torture machine; 2) a flame-shooting Dragon Tank, which spews out plastic flames when you press the turret; 3) a customized Aston-Martin car, with a bullet shield that rises, a license plate that rotates, and a deadly, whirling knifelike shaft (plastic) that comes out from the hubcap; 4) a bullet-proof office desk; 5) a pool table that flips open to reveal a map of Fort Knox. "Oddjob," the villain's henchman, is of course included, with his celebrated top hat, a weapon capable (in the film version) of decapitating a victim at a considerable distance.

From page 492 on, there are only G.I. Joe, with his twenty-seven-piece Machine Gun Emplacement Set; a jeep with four rocket projectiles; a 106mm recoilless rifle; a battle at Fort Apache, where cannons shoot play shells; a Europe battleground with land mines, barbed wire, shell-shooting cannon, machine guns, howitzers, grenades, rifles, bayonets; an eight-piece outfit for small gunslingers; a "lightnin' fast double-holster set"; a "spittin' image Winchester"; a Marx Telescope Cap rifle that smokes and ejects cartridges; a Gung Ho Commando Outfit; a Johnny Seven gun that launches a grenade, fires an anti-tank rocket, an armor-piercing shell, and an anti-bunker missile, shoots ten bullets, chatters like a tommy gun, and fires a cap like a pistol; and the "Screaming Mee Mee-E" by Remco, which shoots a grenade and five big plastic bullets.

The adventure section of this Christmas catalogue comes to an end with a tank that "explodes when it hits a hidden mine as you guide it by remote control over a 4x3 foot battlefield." By page 507, we are back to educational toys, led off by Remco's "Duffy's Daredevils." Here all the child need do is to send a car zooming from the jet launcher, up the ramp, and through the flames and ". . . see it roll over and crash into barrels."

When we spoke about all this to a gentleman representing the Toy Manufacturers of the USA (who understandably preferred to remain anonymous), he seemed relieved to have just received an official statement of policy by the toy-makers. He read the statement in measured tones: "Common experience shows the use or acceptance of violence among adults is not caused or contributed to by earlier play with toy guns and military toys, but by sociological, economic, political, and other factors far removed from childhood play and toys.

"Today it is impossible to keep news of individual and mass violence away from children. When they hear about violence, or see it, they are compelled to act it out in play for they have only one model—the adult world around them. In these circumstances, children are not even slowed down if there are no toys handy. They may use a stick for a gun, or simply point a finger and go 'Bang!' They are acting out violence as surely one way as another. If elimination of military toys assured an absence of violence, then much of the world should be peaceful, for many children never have manufactured toys of any kind. But individual and mass violence are commonplace in every corner of the globe. The fallacy of trying to minimize violence by eliminating toy guns and military toys is this: Such toys are a result, not a cause.

"The real causes of violence are the forces that have always bedeviled mankind, such as hunger, greed, fear, and oppression. In view of this, it is an unfortunate misdirection of energy to attack the effects, when the causes continue."

The spokesman defined "common experience"—which is the fountainhead of this entire statement—as "experience that everybody has." He went on: "The manufacturers met to go over the situation, and felt that this was their attitude, and the proper answer." Peace.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1654)

(WINIFRED) WILLIS:
I'VE GOT HOLIDAY ALLERGY

(From N.Y. *Herald Tribune*, Dec. 19, 1964)

Oh, what a merry, merry thing it will be when the holiday season is over, and we won't have to be merry again for almost twelve months! This feeling comes over me every year about this time—a holiday allergy, an affliction quite common among women.

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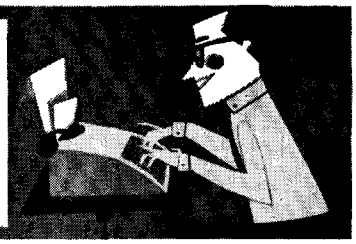
Top of My Head



Old Movies Are Newer Than Ever

THE OTHER evening I was watching an old movie on TV. Van Johnson was a soldier in World War II and Elizabeth Taylor was a girl he met on a pass in Paris and they fell in love and were having dinner in a bistro one night and Van got a message that he had to get back to the war for fifteen minutes and he had to leave quickly.

It was raining and he tried to find a taxi that would take Elizabeth home while he was tending the war, but there were no taxis and Elizabeth said, "You go ahead, darling. I can get a taxi myself. I'm a big girl now." So he dashed off and we saw Elizabeth start up the rainswept street. She hailed a taxi but it skittered right past her. Off duty, no doubt.

This faded to the next scene, in which Elizabeth was taking the nasal test for cold prevention and she said it had miraculously cleared her nasal passages right through the cotton in the glass tube through which she had inhaled. I looked more closely and realized it wasn't Elizabeth at all, so adroitly had the fade been made from the movie to the commercial.

Not being a habitual old-movie watcher, I haven't acquired the knack of separating the message from the movie, or the flam from the film. But I better get with it if I'm going to be a TV viewer because the networks these days are buying up old movies just as the old movie theaters in their day used to buy up popcorn. And you don't buy an old movie for peanuts. A network recently bought three old Sam Goldwyn movies for $750,000 apiece, with permission to show them for only two years, and then only twice a year. So you can readily see it takes a lot of mouth and hog wash to amortize these senescent cinamae.

A typical opening for such a movie is: The first half of this movie is brought to you by 007, the hair tonic that gives a man the license to kill, *and* Winston, the cigarette that tastes good *as* a cigarette should, *and* Carnation, the instant balanced breakfast, *and* Vicks cough cure, which now comes in lozenge drops. Well, that's OK. I'll buy all that. It's an expensive deal and the networks are not in business for their health, no matter how many cures they show us. But instead of demonstrating one of those four, they suddenly showed us a bottle of blue rinse Halo and a scene at a boys' camp where the little chap used anti-cavity Colgate.

Well, after two and a half hours the old movie you're watching begins to take on a new story concept. Subconsciously the characters begin to blend with the players in the sponsors' vignettes until they form a kaleidoscopic montage of story lines the producers of the old movies had never in their wildest Hollywood conferences contemplated.

Which brings us back to Van and Elizabeth in Paris. When last we left them, Elizabeth was taking this nasal test—no, that was another girl. Van had gone back to his war and Elizabeth was trying to find a taxi in the rain. After a deluge of commercials we find Van returning from the war and tiptoeing into a hospital room clasping a small bouquet of flowers in his hand. I didn't quite know the occasion and suddenly I thought "Good grief, she's having a baby!" But then I remembered this was an old movie and the code was pretty strict in those days. They must have gotten married through those commercials.

But no, Van tiptoed to Elizabeth's bedside, where she lay, wan and pale, except for the heavy makeup around her eyes. He stared unhappily at her. She stared at him. Then she smiled prettily and said, "Well, don't be so conscience-stricken. It wasn't your fault I couldn't get a taxi in the rain and I got the flu."

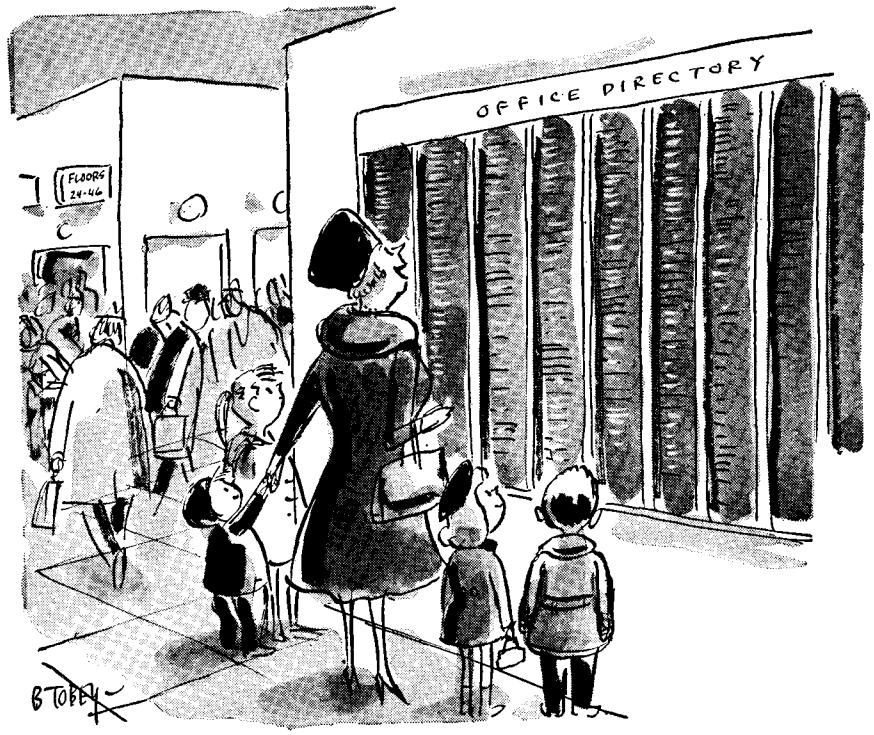
"It serves you right, Elizabeth," I said to my set. "If you had taken that nasal spray test instead of that girl who I thought was you, you wouldn't be lying in a hospital looking pale and wan except for the heavy makeup around your eyes."

Well, the story moved apace with the commercials moving at double apace. They first quarreled, I think, when Van lit a cigar and Elizabeth wondered if Van would offer it to a lady. To her chagrin he didn't. Recriminations followed. He taunted her blotchy skin and she reciprocated and brought up his oily hair. One shouted lovers' quarrel followed another until one day they discovered the headache tablets which turneth away wrath. By this time I got the feeling they were hurrying their performances to make way for the next batch of commercials that were becoming intertwined with their plot.

But the movie picked up as this Parisian idyl of Van and Elizabeth hotly developed into a wedding. And this was followed by the sponsors' messages in the second half. There was a slew of them. About nine months of them because when we got back Elizabeth had a baby.

I was wrong. It wasn't the nasal spray test Elizabeth should have taken. They have another one for *that!*

—GOODMAN ACE.



"I can't wait to see daddy's face when we come walking into the Christmas party."

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State of Affairs

The Future of Rhodesia

LONDON.

JUST AS Vietnam is an unhappy and disturbing predicament for the United States, so Rhodesia is for Britain. The tensions that had been building up gradually exploded into a crisis when Mr. Ian Smith, the Prime Minister of Rhodesia, decided to declare his country independent despite all warnings from London. The British government, in retaliation, declared Rhodesia in "rebellion" against the Queen and moved to impose political and economic sanctions. It could not tolerate a constitution that discriminates against the colored majority. And so it is now marshaling everything short of the overthrow of the rebellious regime of Mr. Smith. It means taking considerable risks because the sanctions could boomerang and seriously hurt Britain's own vulnerable financial situation and because the military moves, which are only meant to deter, could lead to escalation.

How did it all come about? There is no real parallel between Mr. Smith of Rhodesia and Governor Wallace of Alabama. Yet in some ways Mr. Smith is trying to do what Governor Wallace would have liked to do. Mr. Smith declared his state independent of Britain because he did not want to accept a constitution that would have given the colored population political equality, but that, Britain insisted, was the only constitution it could accept before agreeing to Rhodesia's independence. In the kind of federal union the United States represents, rebellion, of course, is impossible. Mr. Wallace tried. He resisted school integration, he resisted the registration of Negro voters, and he resisted various other federal laws designed to establish racial equality. But the threat of action by the federal government forced him to give in. He had no choice. And ever since then the federal government has been gradually enforcing its laws on the reluctant State of Alabama.

Ian Smith of Rhodesia felt confident that he could go further than Governor Wallace in resisting the central authority. He was confident that Britain would not resort to military force; he was also confident that economic sanctions would prove ineffective and that Rhodesia could survive whatever hardships they would impose. He also hoped that the Rhodesian problem would cause severe divisions between the Labor Government and the Conservative party and that this disunity would prevent firm, determined, and decisive action.

So far Mr. Wilson has maneuvered with extraordinary skill. At the United Nations he thwarted the Afro-Asian bloc, which clamored for an immediate demonstration of force. By resisting the Left of his Labor Party, which, though often pacifist in the past, demanded the use of force, he made it very difficult for the opposition not to support his sanction policy, and by offering security forces to Zambia he forestalled the inviting of Egyptian and Ghanian troops to do so.

But the Left of the Labor Party is now openly attacking Mr. Wilson. *The New Statesman*, for instance, argued that "force should be used because in the end it would have to be used; better to employ it immediately before events drift from our grasp." And the *Daily Express*, speaking for the Conservative Right, condemned the Prime Minister for embarking on a crusade to which he has no right, for Britain possesses only the "outdated legalistic right of suppressing rebellion." (Rhodesia today, after all, enjoys stability under an effective government elected under a British-provided Constitution.) Such are the extremes of political opinion.

And what happens if, through sabotage or some other form of interference, Zambia ceases to get electric power from Rhodesia, and its copper mines stop producing? Britain, then, will be more hurt than anybody since she will have to buy copper from the United States for dollars—an act which, in turn, could once again undermine confidence in the pound sterling.

And what will happen if six months from now the sanctions have proved ineffective? The Afro-Asian bloc will then renew its pressures, the Conservative opposition will seek to exploit Mr. Wilson's failure, the Socialist Left will be even more outraged, and the British public will be more confused than ever.

And what will happen if in the end troops are sent into Rhodesia? Can South Africa be restrained from coming to the aid of Rhodesia or will everything get so much out of control that a Central African war becomes inevitable?

The Suez crisis provides a warning against sending forces to fight when one of the major political parties opposes such action. And the Conservative Party will not support the use of force in this situation any more than the Labor Party did then. Those members of the Labor Party who are trying to press Mr. Wilson into a Central African war now are reminiscent of the right-wing Conservatives who convinced Anthony Eden that he had to go to war against Colonel Nasser.

I don't think that the British public feels very strongly about Rhodesia. It seems, in fact, a little puzzled that a Labor government should be so anxious to punish a "rebellion" against the Queen —having not felt very deeply about the monarchy lately. In addition a certain fatigue has set in here about defending the crumbling old imperial interests and obligations. And the moral issue involved, while it excites and divides the politician, is not widely understood. After all, Rhodesia is not the only police regime in Africa today. Yet there is no doubt that Mr. Harold Wilson is prepared to take great risks. Even though his Ministry of Defense may be hard put to dispatch 30,000 to 50,000 troops from the Rhine to the Zambesi, his Chancellor of the Exchequer may find it impossible to keep the military budget under £2 billion, and the bankers may be wondering about the future of the pound. There is also uneasiness in Washington. Although the Johnson Administration is committed to supporting and helping Britain, some high officials are wondering whether there is not a danger of another Congo situation.

Can the Rhodesian government be forced into negotiations? Most experts believe it may take months until we will have the answer to this question. Meanwhile the air is full of imponderables. The only reassuring factor is that Prime Minister Harold Wilson seems as cool and collected as ever.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Saturday Review
December 25, 1965

SR's Annual Survey of the Movies

HAPPINESS IS A FILM-MAKER IN LONDON

By HOLLIS ALPERT

LONDON.

WHEN THE London weather permits it, a weekly softball game takes place on Sunday mornings in Hyde Park. Most of the players are American, and most also have to do with the Anglo-American film world in one capacity or another. On a recent Sunday morning, while walking through Hyde Park, I happened to come across the game being played not far from the Knightsbridge Barracks. Some native passers-by had paused to stare in mild wonder at the strange version of cricket. The weather was brisk and clear, the players wore nondescript clothes, the ball was being hit well, and the only worry at the moment was that a member of the London police might come along to inquire about a permit to indulge in the sport. It seems this was not recognized as a cricket ground, and there had been some complaint about damage to the turf caused by running around bases. Among the players I recognized Harvey Orkin, formerly a New York agent and now London representative for an American publicity firm; Jerry Bresler, a Hollywood producer for Columbia who is now making his headquarters in London; Clive Donner, an upcoming British director (*What's New Pussycat?*) and only recently introduced to softball; and Walter Shenson, the British-based American producer of *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*

The fact that there was enough in the way of personnel to make up two complete teams every Sunday, and the fact that the game was well on its way to becoming a relatively permanent institution in London, indicated how extensive was the drift away from the former center of film-making, Hollywood, to new centers in Europe. And of this European activity it is generally agreed that the most intensive is based in London. Out of London headquarters and near-London studios in recent years have come some of the American film industry's biggest successes and money-makers: *Goldfinger, Dr. Strangelove, A Hard Day's Night, What's New Pussycat?, The Knack, Tom Jones,* and *The Ipcress File.*

And, fresh from making these pictures, and others, have come the new creative luminaries of the English-language film: directors such as Richard Lester, Sidney J. Furie, Clive Donner, Stanley Kubrick, Tony Richardson, and Terence Young; producers such as Harry Saltzman, Cubby Broccoli, and Walter Shenson. Was it merely coincidence that some of the freshest, most ingenious, and inventive examples of film entertainment had been conceived and made here? Or was there something in the foggy London atmosphere that provided some unusual stimulus? Opinions about it naturally differ, but of opinions there was no dearth.

Walter Shenson had some. His main problem at the moment was to find an appropriate subject for the third Beatles film he was contractually obligated to do for United Artists distribution. Shenson came to London some ten years ago to head European publicity for Columbia Pictures; while here he decided to become a producer and was fired by the then Columbia president, the late Harry Cohn, for his audacity. With the supervisory aid of Carl Foreman, he produced a hit film called *The Mouse that Roared,* and after a couple of other films was approached by United Artists to produce a quick pop-musical with the high-rising Beatles, the idea being that the sale of the sound track album alone would

Where the Action Is: The astonishing degree of important film activity in Europe today is predominantly focused in three main centers, London, Paris, and Madrid. Here some of the most significant and inventive of motion picture directors are doing the trend-setting in English-language films. Whether through coincidence or design, such "name" people as David Lean, William Wyler, Jules Dassin, Richard Lester, and Joseph Losey have ignored Hollywood for their recent and current filming activities, turning instead to Europe. The most successful producing combination of recent years, Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli, who turn out the James Bond bonanzas, make their headquarters in London. And former Hollywood agent Charles Feldman now wheels and deals as a producer only a few doors away in Mayfair.

Is there something creatively refreshing about London? And why Paris, why Madrid, instead of Hollywood or New York? Whatever the reasons—and some are to be found herein—the movie scene this year is definitely European. From that vantage point, James Bond steps out to conquer the world box office. In Paris, *Is Paris Burning?* was hardly off the presses before the city was invaded by one of the largest star contingents ever to be assembled, and Paramount is betting millions that it has one of the truly big ones on the fire. (The sometimes balky de Gaulle is being anything but uncooperative where this movie is concerned.) In Spain, Lean was moving out of Madrid when Dassin and Lester moved in. Zero Mostel, guided by Richard Lester (formerly from Philadelphia), is currently cavorting through the Roman Forum built by Samuel Bronston, and Dassin's *10:30 PM Summer* features Melina Mercouri and Romy Schneider against authentic Spanish backgrounds. Back in London Stanley Kubrick is all set to begin work on his new Cinerama film for MGM, *2001: A Space Odyssey.*

For *SR*, Hollis Alpert takes an on-the-spot look at the London action, while James F. Fixx reports from Paris and Walter Sanford Ross from Madrid. Also in this issue, Arthur Knight offers some reasons for the current neglect of Hollywood by many important directors and producers, and Peter Ustinov comments on the use and abuse of the film medium wherever it is found.

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amortize the half-million-dollar cost. Shenson then proceeded to make *A Hard Day's Night*, after cannily bringing into the project writer Alun Owen and director Richard Lester. The result was motion picture history of a sort, and United Artists quickly put up another million and a half to make a second Beatles film in color. Shenson guessed that *Help!* would gross between thirteen and fourteen million. As anyone who knows anything about producer's shares in distribution receipts can tell you, this easily makes Shenson a millionaire.

He bears no grudges against Harry Cohn or Hollywood, for that matter, and if the right project came along he would head Stateside and produce in the land of the golden sun, but meanwhile he prefers the creative climate of England. "We really are independent here," he said. "For one thing, there aren't the traditional front-office people who have to get into the act, if only to justify their positions and salaries. Nobody saw one day's rushes on *Help!*, for instance. There's a fairly standard way of working with your distribution company. You get your stars, director, script, and budget approved, and from there on you're left alone. No consultation is necessary on further casting, you decide which of the studios around London you prefer to work in, you negotiate with that studio for your own best deal, you decide on your own locations.

"But that's the least important part of it. My feeling is that working away from Hollywood gives a producer a better point of view. There's this prevailing tendency in Hollywood to conform, and also a determination not so much to strike out in new directions as to recapture the success of the past. I remember I took the print of *A Hard Day's Night* to Hollywood for a private screening for several writers, producers, and directors. I was amazed afterward. One and all of them came up to me and told me I couldn't possibly have made the picture in Hollywood. Remember—that was *their* opinion and not necessarily mine. But there's no denying the stimulus of London, subtle though it may be. Being so close to the Continent we're far more aware of influences from the Continent. Because I'm so close to places like Cannes, Venice, and Berlin, I make a regular practice of attending the film festivals. Moscow is three and a half hours away, so I went to the last film festival there. We meet people, and we talk, talk, talk movies. Besides that, London happens to be a reservoir of talent working in the mediums of stage, television, and films. We hear about people, and the word gets around fast. Peter Sellers told me about Richard Lester, a television director then. Or I see a new play by Alun Owen. Not to mention the actors here—Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Albert Finney, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, Michael Caine, Rita Tushingham. The pool of talent seems to grow here at a much faster rate than in Hollywood, and this includes a pool of Continental talent as well. It all leads to a tendency to try the unconventional—and today it's the unconventional that seems to work best at the box office."

THE producing and the directorial points of view are often at odds, but Joseph Losey, a Wisconsin-born, Broadway- and Hollywood-trained director, also feels he is better off in England. Right now he is in the midst of making *Modesty Blaise* for 20th Century-Fox at Shepperton Studios. He has made his last twelve films in Europe, and these have included *King and Country, Eva, The Damned, Chance Meeting,* and *The Servant,* all striking enough to have warranted retrospective showings of his output in London, Paris, Denmark, and Italy by cinema clubs.

He had his problems for a long time. A Congressional committee looking into

Monica Vitti in Joseph Losey's *Modesty Blaise*—The first op art movie?

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"un-American activities" had his name on its list in 1951, and although he was not called to testify, he found there was no longer any work for him in Hollywood. In England, however, he was able to do some directing under an assumed name ("I paid someone to put his name on my picture"), after which English producing firms became courageous enough to allow him to sign his own name to his work. His reputation grew, and he now finds himself in the position of regularly turning down Hollywood offers.

He is reluctant to return, and in fact says he will not return unless location considerations dictate it. "The worst disadvantage of Hollywood," he said, "is its hanging onto a conveyor-belt method of production. There are all these executives. They hire a director who, chances are, has no relationship to the script, after which the picture is made in committee and largely to a formula that has worked in the past. And what is considered a good script in Hollywood is still, I'm afraid, a script that might as well be a play—where everything is explicit in the dialogue, and there is little left up to the visual, except where it is an embellishment and not basic to the concept.

"There is a kind of writing that so many of the Hollywood writers go in for, a breaking of a wide-angle shot down into shots no self-respecting director would willingly use. It amounts to a meaningless kind of self-deception, a deception that veins through the whole apparatus. The writers over here work differently—Harold Pinter, for instance. In the case of *The Servant* I worked very closely with him, but at the same time he was given all the creative scope and freedom in the world. He's done a new screenplay for me, one that takes up only seventy-seven pages (in Hollywood they'd send him back to double the length), but which has 377 scene numbers. None of these scenes tells me what the camera does, but each is evocative of an image. Very few writers here work only for the screen—Pinter, Alun Owen, Robert Bolt—they'll always go back to the theater in between their screen assignments. Evan Jones, who has done the screenplay for *Modesty Blaise*, is also a poet and a playwright. It always surprises me about Hollywood to learn that very few writers there have ever written anything but screenplays.

"Producers exist here, as they do in Hollywood—and I, for one, could do without about 90 per cent of them—but they don't dominate as they do in Hollywood. Actually, the situation in which the director has the primary power has developed here only in the last three or four years, and it's still somewhat shaky. But I think you can see the results—a *Tom Jones*, a *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Knack*. I doubt that any of them could have been made in Hollywood."

Losey admitted that *Modesty Blaise* started out as "a story that was the usual mixture of suspense, sex and violence nonsense." *Modesty Blaise* had begun as a comic strip, had flowered into a novel, and was now a movie. A press release handed me stated that Modesty Blaise was "the notorious adventuress who combines utter femininity with a magnetic attraction to danger and excitement" and was "about to make film history." Joseph Losey was a good deal less positive about what the film was going to turn out to be. The concept of the film had gone through a considerable amount of change since the project was first broached to him. "The thing that intrigued me most," he said, "was the idea of the subject in combination with Monica Vitti. The arrangements had already been made with her to star, and the picture was supposed to have been

From Hollywood with Love: It was one of those improbably foggy English mornings when I made my way on foot up the muddy, rutted dirt road that would lead me, or so I had been assured, to the clearing in a pine forest where producer-director-writer Bryan Forbes was shooting his latest film, *The Wrong Box*. It seemed an unlikely place, and certainly an unlikely time, to film a movie. Although only a few miles from London and civilization, the landscape was all but invisible in the fog that morning, trees and shrubbery glowed with beads of rain, and the mud that washed repeatedly over my shoe tops was as dark and unwelcome as cold espresso. But sure enough, there it all was at the top of the road, a vast gathering of actors out of the gay Nineties, a meticulously constructed head-on collision of two trains, a tangle of cameras and technicians, and, wading among them all, an intense young man in tweed jacket and muddy knee boots who peered skyward occasionally for the first hint of the sun, an awesome act of faith under the circumstances.

But thirty-nine-year-old Bryan Forbes (*The Angry Silence, The L-Shaped Room, Seance on a Wet Afternoon, King Rat*) seemed, surprisingly enough, far from discouraged. There was rehearsing to be done, a camera angle to be settled, the sheer joy of watching technicians tinker with the valves that let great storms of steam billow from the boilers of the wrecked locomotives, and, in the intervals, a magazine writer to tell his enthusiasms to. But the biggest surprise of all came when our talk turned to Hollywood, where London-born Forbes had just filmed *King Rat*. For several days I had been listening to Americans in London and Paris as they pledged enthusiastic allegiance to film-making abroad, but here, suddenly, was a Briton in love with Hollywood and offering an unabashed and persuasive minority report.

"I learned a great deal from Hollywood," Forbes told me. "For the first forty-eight hours I admit I was scared. The technicians and I circled each other warily. But after that I got 102 per cent cooperation. They not only embraced my ideas but improved on them. There's no place in the world with the technical expertise of Hollywood. All any director has to work with is a dream that he tries to get people to carry out, and you can come closest to your dream with the right technical help."

Hollywood people, Forbes went on, invite their own difficulties. "Hollywood," he said, "has a tremendous degree of professionalism, and I like professionalism. The film-makers who are troubled by conformity are those who want to conform—with the cocktail parties, the three Cadillacs, that kind of thing. The real bane of Hollywood isn't any compulsion to conformity but simply the producers. They're trampling everyone to death. They've all got a deskful of unusable, unshootable manuscripts—things like the story of a singing leper or a one-legged railway engineer. The old-time producers like Sam Goldwyn were all right; the new ones all think they can use slide rules."

But, producers and conformity aside, Forbes made it clear that he has nothing but respect and a high regard for Hollywood. "I don't see why Hollywood has to be synonymous with bad films," he said. "You can make lousy films in London."

We had talked for an hour, and at last the sun was beginning to wear the fog away and *The Wrong Box*, a macabre comedy starring John Mills, Sir Ralph Richardson, Michael Caine, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Nanette Newman, was suddenly of more immediate concern than all the charms of Hollywood. Forbes took a satisfied look at the clearing sky and sloshed forth again into the puddles and the English mud, 5,500 jet miles from California. —J.F.F.

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under way last February. But she didn't like the script, nor did she like the director they had in mind then. I said I would do it, under various conditions, one of them being that I would get a new script."

Monica Vitti is more familiar to elite audiences around the world as the moody heroine of several films by Michelangelo Antonioni, with whom she consorts off screen as well as on. As Modesty Blaise she is a most unusual kind of adventuress—deadly and amoral, of course, but given to surprising changes of hair style and hair color, often in the middle of a scene. She lives in a high-styled penthouse and utilizes a computer to advise her on her complex activities. She has a buddy in adventure who is being played by Terence Stamp, and Dirk Bogarde is the arch-villain. Losey described Bogarde as "a free-lance villain whose main purpose in life is to get very rich."

Modesty Blaise may well be the first "op art" picture ever made. "I wanted to tell the story in primary colors," Losey said, "and the optical illusions in the picture go along with various other illusions. The basis of the original story is still there, but the dramatic credibility of it has been stretched to the fairy-tale point. I'm hoping that it will be a funny film, because we're working toward comedy, farce, even slapstick, and there is also quite a lot of satire for those who want to see it. It's definitely not James Bond, and I've made every attempt to minimize the violence. If anything, it's about the lunacy of violence, and it also indicates, I guess, the kind of disoriented society that results from the kind of thing now going on generally. I feel that one thing you can't do is make a send-up of another picture. This may have started out that way, but it isn't that way now."

At another studio, MGM's Elstree facility, Stanley Kubrick has a large-scale Cinerama project underway. It is called *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and he is hoping to achieve a visual experience of a unique kind. Fascinated by the possibilities of cinematic science fiction, he began exploring subject matter that might lead him to a film, and while doing this came across the writings of well-known sci-fi writer, Arthur C. Clarke. He met Clarke in New York, and the two began a collaboration on a story that would focus on developments in space technology some thirty-five years hence. The story was first written as a novel, in which Clarke would write a chapter, Kubrick would write one, and then each would kick the other's work around. The novel (still being tinkered with by Kubrick and Clarke, and for the obtaining of which there is much spirited interest on the part of publishers) then became the basis for the screenplay.

Kubrick, when I saw him, was still putting four hours of each day into last-minute changes on both novel and screenplay. "Doing it as a novel first," he said, "made us concentrate less on scene than on the truthful working out of the many problems." He found a ready sponsor for the film in Robert H. O'Brien, president of MGM, who had long admired Kubrick's ability. "There was agreement all along the line," O'Brien said. "Kubrick represents a most unusual combination of qualities: artistic ability, management ability, and a sense of coherence. And, not least, a splendid sense of economy. When he came to see us he had not only a fully integrated story and a carefully planned-out method of doing it, but a remarkably accurate forecast of the budgetary needs, a reflection of his meticulousness."

Why England, instead of Hollywood? That, O'Brien said, was Kubrick's choice, and he had his reasons: he had technicians there he wanted to work with, closeness to certain locations out of England, and economy. Kubrick simply said: "Wouldn't most directors prefer to work in England?" He wasn't willing to explain further.

But it was plain to see that he was able to do it all his own way, as the virtual dictator of the production. He had a staff of thirty art directors and artists working on designs for space ships and space stations. More than that, he had the willing cooperation of some of the largest corporations in the world, which were providing him with data, advice, and designs. He had gone so far as to enlist the research scientists of NASA, IBM, duPont, Bausch and Lomb,

Walter Shenson—"We really are independent here."

Kodak, and General Mills; two rocket experts who had worked with Werner von Braun; and a construction team from Vickers-Armstrong—and most of it without fee. Basically what he wanted from these people was a projection of our current knowledge to thirty-five years from now. What would a space centrifuge be like in 2001? And what would so simple a thing as a chair, vintage 2001, look like? Clothes, synthetic foods, instrumentation—all had to be worked out, as authentically as possible, in terms of 2001.

He was not willing to give out the story, however. From the designs in the

(*Continued on page* 42)

Saltzman & Broccoli—"We'll have a good bash at each other every now and then."

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THE GREAT GALLIC WELCOME

By JAMES F. FIXX

PARIS.

NOT LONG AGO the international edition of the *New York Times* was moved to observe, in an outpouring that was about as close to wide-eyed wonder as it ever gets, that American films had taken over Paris. Under the headline "U.S. Films Dominate Paris Movie Houses," the *Times* man documented what even the most casual visitor couldn't help seeing for himself—that wherever one looked, from the moviehouses along the Champs Elysées to those in outlying neighborhoods, it was little short of an American movie invasion. *Mary Poppins, Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines, Ship of Fools,* and even a pair of avant-garde films—all of them were playing right here in Paris, along with perhaps the most American film of them all, a noisy romp retitled *Au Secours!* that starred four shaggy young men from Liverpool and their million-dollar warbles for help. "If French moviegoers were to boycott American motion pictures," remarked the man from the *Times,* "they would be spending most of their time at home."

There seemed little danger of that. Wherever the American films were playing, whether in the original English or dubbed in French, business was booming. The lines at box offices were satisfyingly long, and at the Champs Elysées moviehouse where the Beatles were in full cry, the young go-go set was all but stopping traffic. Parisians, it was clear, saw nothing surprising in the fact that at the very time they were under such heavy bombardment from American film-makers, only one new French film had come to town—and a gangster comedy at that. (It would have been uncharitable to point out to them that their gangster film, *La Metamorphose des Cloportes,* had been helped along by American money and, to compound the indignity, released by an American company.)

William Wyler in Paris—"There's always more going on in Hollywood."

The lack of surprise was no doubt at least partly attributable to the fact that since mid-July Parisians have been systematically conditioned to the idea that American film-makers are extraordinarily involved with their city. At the pleasure of Americans they have seen their newly brightened buildings blackened with soot, have had to wait in their Citroens and Peugeots while police held up traffic, have seen tanks and armored vehicles rumble along streets, have heard the chatter of gunfire, and have even found themselves welcoming men in Nazi uniforms back to town. All this has come about because of a single fact of which all Paris, from the man on the street to those in the high councils of government, is inescapably aware: the city is the setting, and in a very real sense the star, of an astoundingly ambitious film called *Is Paris Burning?*

Director René Clément, who is running the show, has called it "an exhilarating madness," and no one who has been close to it is likely to disagree. I had a chance the other day to watch the madness in action when Clément and company were filming a scene in Gommonvilliers, a hamlet not far from Paris. The main street was clogged with trucks and tanks, all of them artfully begrimed with mud, the town square was jammed with men wearing World War II uniforms, and at the edges of the crowd stood virtually the entire population of Gommonvilliers—children, men, housewives, shopkeepers, household pets. It was a Saturday morning, and I overheard one Frenchman say, "There's probably not a single bed made in this town today." Nor were many of the village's usual activities apt to take place that day. When a dog started to bark, a woman was quickly dispatched to lead the animal out of earshot. And when one luckless inhabitant, far up a street, took hammer in hand to do a little carpentry, one of the film's technicians was sent at once to silence him.

There was little resentment at such inconveniences, however, for in French eyes it was all for a cause, and the cause was the re-creation, mammoth in its scope and painstaking in its exactitude, of the liberation of Paris in 1944. The story, based on the best-selling book by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, is one to stir the soul of any Frenchman, and there are few Frenchmen today whose souls have not been stirred, for better or worse, by the film version. First of all, there are the stars who have come to Paris—Jean-Paul Belmondo, Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, Gert (Goldfinger) Frobe, Orson Welles, Leslie Caron, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Charles Boyer, and Anthony Perkins among them. Then, too, there has been the shooting, which has taken place in nearly every historic corner of Paris—at Notre Dame, at Les Invalides (where cameras for the first time were allowed to go down to Napoleon's tomb), at La Place de la Concorde, in the Bois de Boulogne, on the Champs Elysées. All this, combining the sights and sounds of two decades ago with the glamour of the contemporary film, has moved Frenchmen to excitement and to reminiscence, so much so that on the very first day of shooting—at a Resistance garage not far from the Arc de Triomphe—100 Paris policemen were needed to hold the crowds back.

BUT what the average Parisian sees, no matter how keenly he observes the progress of *Is Paris Burning?,* is only a fraction of what has really been going on. For a good part of the film's drama has taken place well out of camera range. That drama, engineered largely by a portly producer named Paul Graetz, is a startling measure of the power and influence of the film medium around the world, and particularly in this capital of European production. The minor miracle wrought here by Graetz is an eloquent testament to the sort of welcome film-makers have come to expect from Paris.

No sooner had film rights to *Is Paris Burning?* been acquired than it became apparent that this could be no ordinary film. For one thing, it had to be shot in Paris—but not in the Paris of 1965. This meant that streets had to be cleared of modern automobiles and of people in modern dress, that the buildings, recently cleaned of their grime under Cultural Minister André Maulraux's sprucing-up program, had to be dark-

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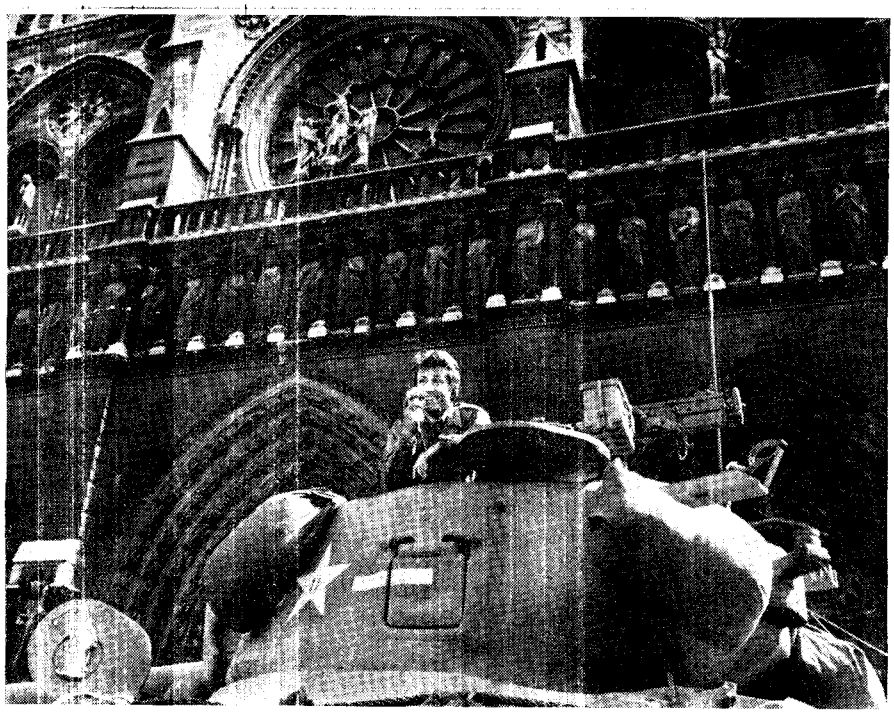

A city becomes a star—When *Is Paris Burning?* is released late next year, the top star of them all will be the city itself, despite such glittering members of the cast as Leslie Caron (top left), Jean-Paul Belmondo (top right), Gert Frobe (above, with director René Clément gesturing), and Simone Signoret (below). At right is a re-creation of the Liberation; at bottom right the German flag comes down as Parisians watch.

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ened (harmless watercolors and special lenses did the job), that authorizations and clearances had to be wormed out of various government departments, that the French army had to be persuaded to provide personnel and equipment, and that crowds of policemen had to be placed on special duty to handle the onlookers who gathered whenever a camera crew appeared. Just procuring and reworking the equipment took a full five months, during which time the French War Ministry searched the country for no fewer than 200 war machines, among them forty-two tanks, twenty-four jeeps, and nearly 100 trucks, not to mention an arsenal of cannons and machine guns.

The way Graetz managed to get it all done is a matter of no small wonder even to veteran film people who were on the scene. From the very start he had two monumental obstacles. First, 20th Century-Fox had already announced plans for a film on the liberation of Paris, and it is a notorious truism in movies that where time is concerned, winner takes all. Second, Darryl F. Zanuck's use of military forces in *The Longest Day* had created such an uproar that it seemed questionable whether a similar coup could be pulled off again. But Graetz, according to those close to him, is not only well connected in France but was also able to move faster as an independent producer than 20th Century-Fox could as a giant corporation. He reportedly went directly to a high French military authority who was himself a hero of the liberation, whereupon the military man interceded directly with de Gaulle. The rest is history.

One sequence, filmed in La Place de la Concorde, demonstrated how completely Graetz and his assistants were allowed to remake Paris. In preparation for the filming, traffic was cleared, lampposts were painted dark blue (as they had been in 1944), plaques commemorating the dead heroes of Liberation Day were covered. From 5 A.M. until 1 P.M. the entire area, which ordinarily teems with people and automobiles, served only as a setting for the film. Explosion after explosion went off, sending clouds of smoke into the air, tanks rumbled in from both sides of the square, and Parisians and summer tourists looked on in stunned amazement. No city anywhere ever did more to make a filmmaker feel at home.

But if *Is Paris Burning?* is a film that had to be made in Paris and nowhere else, there are other films before the cameras here that might conceivably have been made almost anywhere. Set designers and technicians are able to bring about some fiendishly clever transformations these days, and after watching the good ones at work it is not impossible to imagine Rome being turned overnight into a precise replica of Hoboken, New Jersey. Why, then, are these other films being made in Paris? Directors, producers and actors offer many reasons, but in the end they all tend to trail off into almost metaphysical mysteries. They talk of the atmosphere and the ambiance of Paris, of the pleasures of living and working here, and of a sense of artistic freedom hard to find in Hollywood. Perhaps all that can be said with assurance is that, for as many reasons as there are filmmakers in Paris, this city is—at least for the moment—one of the places where the action is.

Director Peter Glenville (center) with Alec Guinness and Gina Lollobrigida—"I like to take risks . . ., to make an odd idea appeal to a great many people."

I TRIED to get to the heart of the question the other day in a conversation with William Wyler at the Studios de Boulogne, where the veteran director is now at work on his sixty-fifth film, *How to Steal a Million Dollars and Live Happily Ever After* (among his others: *Mrs. Miniver, The Best Years of Our Lives, Ben Hur, The Collector*). We sat in Wyler's crowded trailer—or caravan, as they call it here—on the mammoth indoor set where moments earlier he had been polishing a scene with Peter O'Toole and Audrey Hepburn. Wyler, a wiry man who looks younger than his sixty-three years, was born in France, left for the United States when he was eighteen, and had not worked in films here until only a few months ago. I asked him how he was finding his homecoming.

He nimbly turned the question around and began talking about Hollywood. "It's a miserable life in Hollywood," he said, "a lousy life. You're up at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to be ready to start shooting at nine. The working hours aren't arranged to suit the artists and the director; they're for the convenience of the technicians. If you go to a party at night, you'll never find anyone there who's shooting a picture; they're all home in bed."

Paris, he went on, is much more hospitable in that respect. "We start at noon," he told me. "Then we work right through to 7:30. It's much less exhausting that way. Anyhow, who can play a love scene at nine o'clock in the morning?"

Wyler said he also found European film technicians fascinating to work with. "They're terribly interested in seeing that you make a good picture," he said. "Sometimes if I'm wondering about some scene I'll watch the reactions of the technicians—it's a kind of preview."

He left no doubt, however, that he plans to return to Hollywood, miserable life or not. "It's a little more efficient and faster to make films there," he said. "And there's always more going on in Hollywood than in any European city."

The big question, of course, is whether most of what is going on in Hollywood is as much worth looking at as what is going on in places like London, Paris, and Madrid. For there are plenty of movie-makers here who, citing the creative ferment in England and on the Continent these days, wonder whether Hollywood may not be sinking

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ever deeper into its latter-day role as a factory for TV films.

One man who, for the moment at any rate, is hardly worried about the question is Peter Glenville, who found himself in Paris for the very good reason that his new film, *Hotel Paradiso*, could be made nowhere else. Set in the Paris of 1910, it stars the unlikely combination of Alec Guinness and Gina Lollobrigida in a comedy whose tone is suggested by the fact that the incidents in it include eavesdropping, a number of secret rendezvous, and one scene in which Sir Alec hides in a chimney while Miss Lollobrigida tries to conceal her identity by pulling her husband's top hat down to her chin. The film, one of four that Glenville is under contract to do for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was nearly finished when I talked with him not long ago over tea and fruitcake at the St. Maurice Studios outside Paris.

Glenville was in a relaxed, expansive mood, clearly enjoying his respite after weeks of grueling work. He had been plagued by rainy weather ("There were times when I would have been delighted to be in a nice dry MGM studio") but now all was well and only a few minor scenes remained to be filmed. He talked enthusiastically of Paris and moviemaking there. "Films have a national character, and they should have," he said. "It would be terrible not to be influenced by the country you're working in."

Glenville, an alumnus of the Old Vic whose film credits include *The Prisoner, Me and the Colonel, Summer and Smoke, Term of Trial,* and *Becket,* said he found himself increasingly interested in the challenge of attracting large audiences to his movies rather than appealing to only an appreciative minority. "I like to take risks," he told me, to try to make an odd idea appeal to a great many people."

But any director, he said, was making a big mistake if he didn't remain faithful to his own character. "If it's not in character," he said, "it's just as difficult to be popularly vulgar as it is to be clever. A man has to perform according to the tenor of his own mental vocabulary."

Did Glenville have any theories about why so many films were being made in Europe these days? He paused, munching his cake. "No," he said finally. "These things run in waves. Right now everyone is going off to Madrid to make films. Next year it may be Hollywood."

But whatever happens, it was clear that Paris would never again be quite the same. There was even talk—if you could believe what the press agents were saying—of trying to get the French government to declare a national holiday late next year when Paramount releases *Is Paris Burning?* No matter where you are, you can't think much bigger than that.

Places, Pleasures, and Pot Shots

Off-the-Cuff Comments on Moviemaking Around the World

WILLIAM WYLER (*The Best Years of Our Lives, Ben Hur, The Collector*): "It's a miserable life in Hollywood, a lousy life. You're up at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to be ready to start shooting at nine. The working hours aren't arranged to suit the artist and the director; they're for the convenience of the technicians. If you go to a party at night, you'll never find anyone there who's shooting a picture; they're all home in bed. It's a little more efficient and faster to make films there. And there's always more going on in Hollywood than in any European city. . . . But who can play a love scene at nine o'clock in the morning?"

JOSEPH LOSEY (*King and Country, Eva, The Damned, Chance Meeting, The Servant*): "Producers exist here [in London], as they do in Hollywood—and I, for one, could do without about 90 per cent of them—but they don't dominate as they do in Hollywood. . . . I think you can see the results—a *Tom Jones*, a *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Knack*. I doubt that any of them could have been made in Hollywood."

BRYAN FORBES (*The Angry Silence, The L-Shaped Room, Seance on a Wet Afternoon, King Rat*): "There's no place in the world with the technical expertise of Hollywood. All any director has to work with is a dream, and you can come closest to your dream with the right technical help. . . . I don't see why Hollywood has to be synonymous with bad films. You can make lousy films in London."

HARRY SALTZMAN (*Dr. No, From Russia with Love, Goldfinger, The Ipcress File*): "London is the place to be. Sidney J. Furie [director of *The Ipcress File*] has gone to Hollywood to do his new picture. Watch and see—he'll be back."

PETER USTINOV (*Quo Vadis, Romanoff and Juliet*): "In spite of its comparative affluence, Hollywood has achieved some remarkable results—results that are not merely technical."

RICHARD LESTER (*The Knack, A Hard Day's Night, Help!*): I could make this picture [*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*] only in Spain or in Italy, where one can still go into the mountains and find primitive men. . . . I need that—men who know how to drive a chariot through the narrow streets of first-century Rome. . . . The Spaniards have had enough experience filming this period of history to avoid obvious anachronisms, such as setting an ancient Roman table with knives and forks."

TED RICHMOND (*Solomon and Sheba*): "The Spaniards are every bit as good as Hollywood people. And exactly the same kind of equipment we're used to in the States—cameras, cables, lights—is available here. That means further savings, since you no longer have to import it."

WALTER SHENSON (*A Hard Day's Night, Help!*): "My feeling is that working away from Hollywood gives a producer a better point of view. There's this prevailing tendency in Hollywood to conform, and also a determination not so much to strike out in new directions as to recapture the success of the past. I remember I took the print of *A Hard Day's Night* to Hollywood for a private screening for several writers, producers, and directors. I was amazed afterward. One and all of them came up to me and told me I couldn't possibly have made the picture in Hollywood. Remember—that was *their* opinion and not necessarily mine. But there's no denying the stimulus of London, subtle though it may be."

PETER GLENVILLE (*Summer and Smoke, Term of Trial, Becket*): "Films have a national character, and they should have. It would be terrible not to be influenced by the country you're working in."

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SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

By WALTER SANFORD ROSS

MADRID.

SPAIN HAS many kinds of weather—dry sunshine, rains that fall on plains and hills, snows that blanket mountain slopes. It has backgrounds, a variety of them—rugged, mellow, softly green, scraggly sandy, scrub brush and rocky. It has people, thousands of people delighted to serve as extras in movies. And it has studios, with technicians who grow more skilful with each passing year of its increasing foreign film production. No wonder, then, that film directors are attracted to Spain. This year three of the best—David Lean, Jules Dassin, and Richard Lester—have invaded the country for films large of budget and unorthodox in subject matter. For most of the year David Lean worked with protean energy making *Dr. Zhivago* in a Madrid studio (see cover), on a huge reconstruction of a Russian city built just outside the capital, and on location in the north. He couldn't go to Russia, so he went to Spain. Jules Dassin is filming *10:30 PM Summer* there now, and Richard Lester has temporarily deserted the Beatles for Zero Mostel, who, as on Broadway, is the star of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* But even when they finish, there will be no dearth of movie action in Spain. As matters stand now, it looks as if no fewer than thirty, and possibly forty, British or American productions will be Spanish-based during the next year.

Why Spain? In Dassin's case, primarily because his story (inspired by a Marguerite Duras novel) is laid in a Spanish village and in Madrid. *Note to novelists: set your action in Spain if you want to catch a movie producer's eye.* Production is, of course, cheaper in Spain, if Hollywood financial standards are used, and perhaps even British standards, which are somewhat lower than Hollywood's. But, paradoxically, this doesn't make the cost less in all cases. For the savings, with a man like Dassin, are bound to be used up to buy more time (with consequent quality control) and to employ more people (who tend to make a production look bigger, if not better).

But Dassin doesn't talk about costs. It would be demeaning to talk about expenses when a film boasts such international bigwigs as Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch, and Romy Schneider. He talks about what he is doing—the totally absorbing, demanding, tricky job of making a film. And when you are Dassin, you are up against the best, namely yourself. For Dassin has made *He Who Must Die, Never on Sunday,* and *Topkapi,* each one a milestone of its kind. For *10:30 PM Summer* he is deliberately avoiding the exploitation of what he terms the "pictorial clichés of the capital and countryside," and is focusing instead on the intricate subtleties of his triangular plot. He is using color, but he claims he will de-intensify it later in a Rome laboratory.

The cast and crew of *Summer* had been called for 6 A.M. the other day at a location near the Cafe la Esperanza in old Madrid. "I was tempted to film the café sign as a comment, but I resisted the temptation," Dassin said. He was shooting the final scene of the film, which needed the cold gray light of dawn. He went into the café to give Miss Mercouri directions in French, the language they share.

As in many scenes of the picture, there would be no dialogue; this film, charged with sex and balanced by delicate emotional interactions, is being made with a minimum of conversation. The camera was set up near a corner of two streets by Gabor Pogany, the Italian director of photography (the technicians speak different languages but manage, just the same, to communicate very well).

Peter Finch (playing the husband of Miss Mercouri) and Romy Schneider (his young and slightly uncertain mistress) were sent up the narrow Calle Angosta de la Manceros. Miss Schneider shivered in a black cocktail dress, protected until the minute the camera would start to roll with a Balenciaga stole. Finch was chilled in a black silk suit. Juan Estelrich, the assistant director, cleared the streets of early risers with the use of a bullhorn.

Dassin took a quick look around and ordered the take. Finch and Romy Schneider began to walk, then run, halting to peer in windows. They were supposed to be looking for Melina Mercouri. After they passed the café, Miss Mercouri appeared inside in a white dress drinking a glass of brandy. The camera dollied in for a close-up through the café window and, at the same time, picked up the reflections of the vanishing, hurrying forms of Miss Schneider and Peter Finch in the mirror over the bar in the background. Miss Mercouri raised her glass in a kind of toast to her errant husband and the young woman into whose arms she had assisted him, grieving while she did so. It was not farewell, but a salute to the atomization of the three whose need for one another was stronger than their desire to go separate ways.

Why is Dassin breaking away from his movies of violence and comedy to film what he calls a psychological love story? "I bought the book as a birthday present for Miss Mercouri a couple of years ago," he said at the Estudio Cinematograficos Roma in Madrid, where interiors were being shot. "She wanted to play Maria, the woman whose marriage is falling apart because she demands the impossible of life—that her love affair with her husband remain at the fever pitch it had reached ten years before. It's a very demanding role, and so are the others. I'm asking a great deal of the actors in this picture, since I want the camera to tell the story—and it's an interior conflict. I suppose I'm asking a lot of myself, too, but the only way to grow in this business is to find new challenges."

Meanwhile, back at the Samuel Bronston ranch in Las Matas, Richard Lester was preparing his cast of famous comics

Richard Lester—"I could make this picture only in Spain or Italy."

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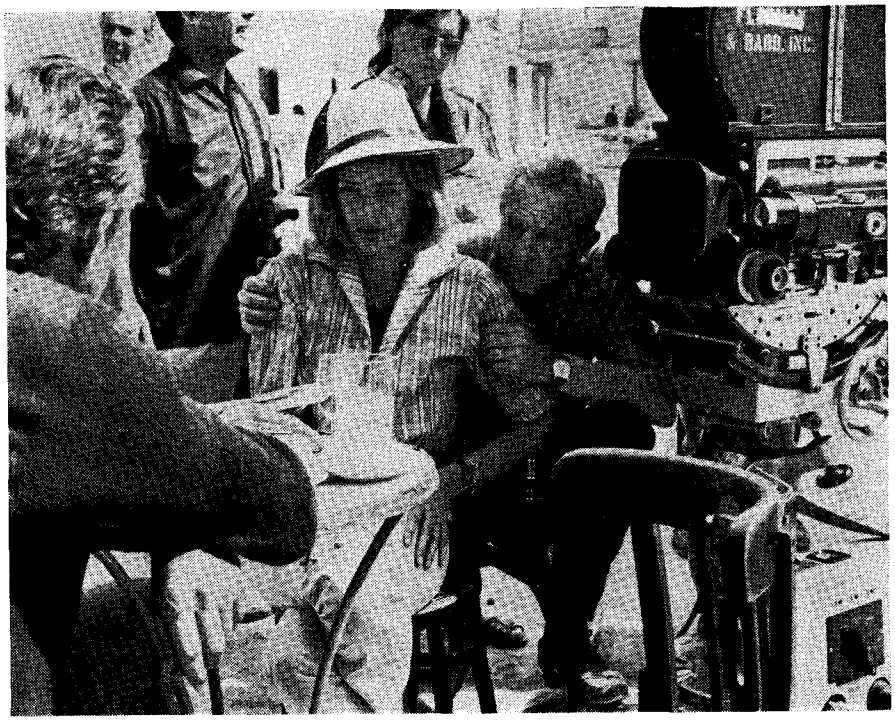
to film a scene in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. Leon Greene, a large actor wearing a bearskin and a beard, rode a horse in front of the house where Pseudopolus, a slippery slave (Mostel), waited. "Stand back," roared Greene, "I take large steps!" and vaulted from the horse to start the action, part of which meant choking Mostel. After rehearsing it several times, with Mostel ringing changes on his interpretation each time, Lester ordered two cameras to film the scene. Phil Silvers, dressed as a monk, and Jack Guilford (a voice off camera) were also in the take.

Lester, fresh from the Beatles and *The Knack*, has his reasons for doing *Forum* in Spain. "The weather—of course the weather," he said, stubbing the toe of his sneaker into the mud that had nearly ruined his set. "The glorious sunshine," he added ironically. His production had suffered grievously from the heavy rains of October. It is being made in a large outdoor set of old Roman back streets, about twenty-five kilometers from Madrid. Approaching the *Forum* set, one sees the framework of what had once housed the last days of Peking and of the Roman Empire. "Actually, I could make this picture only in Spain or in Italy," Lester said, "where one can still go into the mountains and find primitive men—not that we're employing the great masses of extras that formerly populated the typical Spanish production. Spain has marvelous horsemen," Lester went on. "I need that—men who know how to drive a chariot through the narrow streets of first-century Rome. They're some of the same people who were used in *The Fall of the Roman Empire*. The Spaniards have had enough experience filming this period of history to avoid obvious anachronisms, such as setting an ancient Roman table with knives and forks."

Lester is unlike Dassin in his filming methods, as in other ways. He is twenty years Dassin's junior. He is quite bald on top, but has allowed his black tonsure to grow very long down the back of his neck. Dassin has a more conventional haircut and a full head of white, wavy hair. Dassin wears sports clothes. Lester was dressed, the day I spoke with him, in a blue denim jacket and pants, with a black turtleneck pullover.

What the two men have in common, besides working for United Artists, is that they are both doing something totally different from their past work. Dassin has moved away from clearly motivated characters and directly explicable action toward the eliptical ambiguities of *Summer*—in effect, entering the areas of Resnais and Antonioni. Lester, on the other hand, has abandoned the spontaneous and extemporaneous kind of thing that has made him famous



Jules Dassin with Melina Mercouri—To grow, find new challenges.

in favor of a set piece, a big Broadway hit show with pre-sold production values, a script written before he started shooting, a cast of top bananas. Another new experience for Lester is working with stars who are older than he is. "Actors are human beings," he said. "They've got weaknesses and strengths like everyone else; whether they've made one picture or fifty, the relationship with the director is a personal one."

He went into his trailer for lunch. "United Artists approached me to do *Forum* before I made *The Knack*," he said. "I agreed to do it primarily because of Zero Mostel. I consider him to be the greatest comic actor in the world today. One can always learn something from a talent like his."

He attacked a pile of molluscs and crustaceans, tearing open unlikely shells to extract impossible-looking pieces of meat. "I felt it was time to get away from the type of thing I'd been doing," he said, "even though those supposedly spontaneous films all had carefully prepared scripts. However, I have my way of working that I can't do a thing about. I never use a script with any camera directions, simply because I never know what I want until I get on the set. I couldn't work from numbered scenes and setups. I can't plan a week's shooting or even a day's shooting. But there is a built-in sense of honor to get the production done within the schedule and under the budget—this one is about ten times what we spent on *The Knack*—and some kind of time clock tells me to get on with it. Actually, I feel that what one gets on film is only the raw material. I believe that my greatest value to a production comes after the shooting. I work on every phase of cutting, mixing, looping, titling. I don't know what we'll do about music in *Forum*. We'll see. But this film isn't a musical comedy like the stage show; it's a play with music. On stage it had fourteen songs. We've got that down to six, integrated in the story line."

Finishing his lunch, Lester pushed away the pile of empty shells, sipped some white wine and bottled water, and prepared to reactivate his company. As Lester descended from the trailer, Mostel ambled along in his yellow costume. "Want me to do the next scene for you, Dick?" he asked.

Lester fell in with the gag. "Up to you," he said. "We can leave it out if you like." They trudged off through the drying mud to the set. Later they would adjourn to the Samuel Bronston studios in Madrid for interiors. Some producers regard the Bronston lot as the best equipped (although it is not the larg-

The Geography Game: While many American film-makers working in Europe today applaud the movement away from Hollywood, finding in it a greater freedom to be themselves, many are also quick to predict that it can't last. This year, said one, the action is in Europe; next year it could be Hollywood again. "I've got my bags packed," another said, a little wearily. The editors and writers responsible for this annual survey of films know just how he feels. Already looking ahead to next year, they've got their bags packed, too—though their destination is anyone's guess.

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Omar Sharif

As Dr. Zhivago

The Cover: The extraordinarily international scope of the movies today is impressively illustrated by MGM's *Dr. Zhivago,* filmed mostly in Spain, with side excursions to Finland and the Canadian Rockies (mainly for snow and ice to simulate the frozen steppes of Siberian Russia). The $11,500,000 needed to make this epic movie version of the Pasternak novel was put up by the American MGM and its British counterpart company. The producer is the Italian Carlo Ponti, who was fortunate enough to secure the film rights from Feltrinelli, the Italian publisher of the novel. The director is British-born David Lean, and the screenwriter is British-born Robert Bolt. The star of the film is Egyptian-born Omar Sharif, and in large featured roles are the American Rod Steiger, the American-British-Swiss Geraldine Chaplin (daughter of Charles and Oona), the Irish Siobhan McKenna, and a group of lustrous British players that includes Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Ralph Richardson, and Rita Tushingham. When the ten months of photography were ended, David Lean moved to the MGM studio in Culver City, where he spent more than two months of days and nights editing the movie into shape for its premiere on the East and West coasts this week. No one but David Lean himself viewed the finished film until a few days before its opening engagements. (*SR*'s review will appear in an early issue.)

The project, all in all, has taken three years from inception to premiere. Lean was due for a long rest after his last picture, *Lawrence of Arabia,* but when approached by Robert H. O'Brien, president of MGM, to undertake the direction of *Dr. Zhivago* he consented with the provisos that Robert Bolt adapt the novel and that he be given veto power over casting suggestions. The completion of the screenplay took more than a year and involved a virtual collaboration between Lean and Bolt. "I won't call myself a writer," Lean has said. "I do call myself a bit of a constructor and a fairly good embroiderer." Ten weeks were spent by Lean and Bolt hammering out a fifty-page summary of the lengthy novel, after which Bolt wrote a 283-page script that would have meant a film more than four hours long. "We then tore our hair out," said Lean, "trying to get economy, to cut out all the fat. We got it down to a three-hour length, to a point where we could give an answer for every damn scene."

Although Russia would have been the ideal place for filming, permission could not be obtained from the Soviet Union. Spain was thereupon chosen as a location. The modern CEA studios in Madrid were used for interiors, and on a ten-acre site on the outskirts of the city was built a huge, remarkably detailed outdoor set, designed to represent the Kremlin-dominated streets of Moscow half a century ago. The illusion of perspective given the more distant buildings made the set look even more massive than it actually was, and it was changed according to the seasons, seeming to be snow-covered even during the hot Madrid summer. Other exterior sets were built in the north of Spain near Soria, where snow was sometimes available and where spring flowers were planted in time for Lean's cameras to catch their emergence from the thawed earth.

In view of the immense amount of time and effort involved, the large cast, and the quality guarantees provided by Lean, Bolt, and such talented craftsmen as scenic designer John Box, MGM considers its $11,500,000 expenditure well justified. All that's left for the stockholders now is to wait for critical and audience reaction. —H.A.

est) of Madrid's four movie studios. "They have everything—good sound stages, great carpentry shops, actors' dressing rooms that are really comfortable," said Ted Richmond, an American producer who is here to plan his next picture. "The working conditions are better than in Hollywood."

Richmond is a hard-headed producer who last made a film in Spain (*Solomon and Sheba*) in 1959. "Things have changed here since then, but most foreign producers don't realize it and don't take full advantage of it," he said. "For example, when we did *Sheba* we imported forty technicians and processed all our film in London. Now, when I do *The Return of the Seven* with Yul Brynner here next year, I'll import only six foreign technicians. The Spaniards are every bit as good as Hollywood people. And exactly the same kind of equipment we're used to in the States—cameras, cables, lights—is available here. That means further savings, since you no longer have to import it. The government encourages foreign production—makes it easy to get through customs, prevents the local subcontractors from gouging. An excellent color lab just opened in Madrid, so we can avoid the tremendous transportation, insurance, and communications costs we used to have when the work was done in London. And the film processing here is top quality. So we're able to make a picture here on a $2,000,000 budget, a forty-eight-day shooting schedule, that we couldn't do in the United States for less than $3,500,000." Sets, Richmond said, are much cheaper to build in Spain than in the United States. The set for his film will cost about $60,000 to construct in Spain; it would have required almost three times that amount in Hollywood. So long as costs remain relatively low, film production will flourish in Spain.

The international free-lance producer has found a haven here, unhindered by censorship restrictions that plague the native producer. Odd co-productions occur, such as the joint American-Argentine-Spanish *Savage Pampas* with Robert Taylor as its star. The Spanish press agent for the picture termed it an "air-fresh" production. Air-fresh or fresh-air, it cost only $1,000,000, which in Hollywood won't go far.

What cannot be assessed in terms of dollars are the values that accrue to those who work under the umbrella financing of major distributors and are left virtually alone to commune with their craft. The Hollywood-type hierarchy of producers, executive producers, and studio heads of production simply does not exist here in Spain. And, when a studio visitor from Hollywood does arrive, he simply looks politely at what is going on, says goodbye, and returns to home base to wait for a picture.

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Meanwhile, Back in Hollywood...

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

HOLLYWOOD.

NOT TOO LONG ago Hollywood's smoggy air was blue with angry charges raised by the motion picture industry's unions and guilds that "runaway production" was threatening the very existence of their memberships and, by extension, the existence of the industry itself. Because so many pictures and TV shows were being filmed in New York, in Europe, and indeed anywhere else that offered spectacular scenery and cheap labor, local employment had declined drastically. The less skilled people were leaving the field in droves, the unions declared, finding work as electricians, painters, or carpenters in other industries. But such specialized craftsmen as cameramen, editors, and sound technicians were literally dying on the vine. According to the unions, unless the "runaway" was stopped, Hollywood was in danger of losing its greatest asset, its superb crews.

Within this past year, the tide turned. Films like *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *King Rat*, despite their large casts and exotic settings, were shot in and around Hollywood. With the sole exception of Filmways' *Trials of O'Brien*, starring Peter Falk, all of television's major dramatic and comedy series are now being filmed in West Coast studios. For the first time since the advent of television in 1948, the major companies have reversed the dwindling trend of theatrical film production; when the final figures are in for 1965, they will probably show as much as a 25 per cent increase in production over 1964.

Theoretically, all should be well in the best of all possible film worlds. Actually, however, it is not. Despite the upswing in Hollywood production, a number of the year's most important pictures were filmed far from the freeways. This year Spain seems to have taken over Italy's former eminence as the producers' favorite home away from home (see page 18). Symptomatically, United Artists, which owns no studios, made about two-thirds of its films abroad in 1965.

Although "runaway" talk by the unions and guilds has largely subsided, what one hears today in Hollywood is a dark grumbling about "forceaway production" on the part of the producers. Few want to be quoted, because all of them expect to make more pictures in Hollywood and they fear reprisals. All of them insist that the studio craftsmen and technicians are the finest in the world and that American studios are among the best equipped. But as one producer-director put it recently, "If I have another big action film to do, I swear I'll make it outside this country. Hollywood is great so long as you're working inside a studio. But the minute you go on location, even if it's only ten blocks from the studio gate, the unions will kill you every time. It's not that I want to leave Hollywood. I love it here. I'm being forced to leave if I want to continue in production."

He cited the instance of John Sturges's *The Satan Bug*, filmed in Hollywood earlier this year. Sturges had as a climactic scene an auto chase through the tangled network of the downtown freeways of Los Angeles. The Screen Extra's Guild wanted to charge him for every car that appeared in the shots, plus a stiff penalty fee, alleging that Sturges was depriving extras of legitimate work. He spoke of a call for authentic (or at least authentic-looking) Indians to appear in a recent Western. Although the Extra's Guild was unable to fill the bill from its own rolls, it was also unwilling to authorize the director to hire Indians who were not Guild members. He offered as one reason for the abandonment of Fred Zinnemann's plans for a multimillion-dollar production of *Custer's Last Stand* the unreasonable position of the Wrangler's Union. "They insisted on one wrangler for every five horses," he said. "When it was pointed out to the union agent that they intended to use about a thousand horses, and there weren't that many wranglers around, nor would there be space to house them if there were, the man simply shrugged his shoulders and told them, 'That's *your* problem.'"

Nor would it seem that New York, once the mecca of many American independents, is much better. Delbert Mann, directing *Mr. Buddwing* in Manhattan last spring, declared flatly, "I will never again come back to New York to shoot a film." Quite apart from the general lack of cooperation he got from the union people, Mann said that "the featherbedding, the unnecessary manpower, is unbelievable." He decried "the standby situations, forcing you to take people at high salaries that you don't want, and then they just stand around and get in the way, or spend the time in the nearest bar getting drunk." Not since Sidney Lumet's *The Group* ended its shooting last October has another major production ventured into Manhattan.

Of course, in situations of this kind the shoe is never firmly on one foot. In an industry that has become notorious for its million-dollar star salaries and $20,000,000 picture budgets, a man may well look at his weekly $157.60 and feel that there is some discrepancy, if not a downright injustice. Also, many of the old-timers remember all too vividly the studio conditions of the Twenties and Thirties that gave rise to the unions in the first place—long hours, low pay, constant job insecurity, and a pervasive nepotism that placed plum positions in the hands of sons, cousins, nephews, and brothers-in-law of key producers. The strength of the unions today has changed that sort of thing. Unfortunately, too many of the members and officials seem to feel that while they may be killing the goose that lays their golden eggs, it doesn't really matter so long as they get some of the eggs first.

ON the other hand, production people are quick to point out, in justification of exorbitant star salaries, that nobody ever came to see a movie because he knew that a worker was being paid scale. To their mind, what is important is what shows up on the screen. Elizabeth Taylor, for example, is not only visible, but an eminently salable commodity; but the $250,000 paid out for drivers, haulers, and other teamster expenses on a recent big Western is an item that adds no extra entertainment value to the completed film.

But worst of all, so far as the health of Hollywood's production is concerned, has been the unions' attitude toward new talent. In such key unions as the cameramen's and the editors', the books are closed and remain so. Earlier this year, the Directors Guild (not a union) initiated a training program for ten new assistants. In New York, the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees insisted that its Local 52 take in more members—a ukase that almost provoked a revolt among old-guard members. Labor is neither completely blind nor completely stupid; and these may well be straws in a changing wind. But each year graduates from American film schools go abroad in search of employment, or turn to such nonunionized fields as documentary and educational films. The brightest young directors of the year, Sidney J. Furie and Richard Lester, had to go abroad to find recognition. This, too, is a kind of "forceaway"—and since what is being forced away is the fresh talent so vital to the health and growth of the American film industry, it may well be the most serious "forceaway" of all.

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The Art of Asking Questions

By PETER USTINOV

WE LIVE in an epoch of almost inconceivable physical courage. All over the world men and women are hurtling around outer and inner space, performing calisthenics up there for the benefit of science and the television cameras. People of sedate character spend their weekends away from the office sky-diving with expressions of almost erotic elation on their faces—expressions that would invite dismissal during the week. But physical and moral courage rarely go hand in hand. There are no total heroes, just as there are no total cowards. Such a solution would be too easy. There have been exceptions, such as martyrs who were willing to go to the flames or, indeed, to the cross for their convictions. But on the whole, the two kinds of courage are as incompatible as the elements.

It is in the sphere of moral courage that the arts are called upon to exert their most vital function—that of asking questions eloquently. Answers are not their strength, since answers are dogmatic, and dogma is the antithesis of art. But asking questions is a job the arts do admirably—and is there not a way of asking a question that suggests what the answer should be?

Of all the arts, the cinema is certainly the one with the widest diffusion, and therefore the sociologist will see in it the one with the heaviest burden of public responsibility. Owing to the amount of money involved, however, it is the one most exposed to idealistic corruption. Cowardice increases in ratio to the amount of money invested. (Lest it be thought that I am leveling an attack on Hollywood, I hasten to say that in spite of its comparative affluence, Hollywood has achieved some remarkable results—results that are not merely technical.)

In any society that believes itself to be free, criticism is encouraged—for the same reason the engineer insists on placing safety valves on an engine; there has to be somewhere for the steam of opinion to escape.

What does this have to do with the cinema? In that films are a reflection of life as it is lived, as it should be lived, or, more commercially, as it should not be lived, it has everything to do with the cinema. Seated in a New York moviehouse, watching Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*, I overheard a revealing reaction from a member of the audience immediately behind me. The film starts with a shot of a dangerous-looking aircraft high above the clouds, and the commentator reminds the audience in tones of the most savage irony that at every second of the day and night there is always a hydrogen bomb in the air capable of destroying a continent or two. The reaction of the solid burgher to his female companion was this: "Makes you feel safe, don't it?" A little later in the film, when a colonel in the obvious throes of a nervous breakdown begins to ventilate his theories about Communists polluting the waterways in order to poison the population of the United States, the female companion suddenly said, "I knew it! Haven't I said all along that that's what the Commies were up to?"

HERE is a depressing and classic example of how a couple of spectators can sidestep a bulldozer of irony and convert even a deliriously subversive film into a patriotic tract. People like the comfort of communal thinking. It is not only a question of keeping up with the Joneses but of keeping in tune with the Joneses—and the mass of absurd proverbs that clutter every civilized language are permanent evidence of that condition, which has placed banalities all over the landscape of language since the beginning of time. Much as Alpine huts shelter the lonely traveler in winter against the rigors of the climate, clichés can shelter the timid conversationalist against the rigors of a fresh thought.

It is a weird reflection on our society that a social comment of far-reaching satire very rarely succeeds in making the communal impact that had been hoped for; in order to really touch the public where it hurts, you have to commit an act as unpardonably harmless as awarding some medals to the Beatles. Immediately all sorts of previous recipients of the same medal are sending back theirs with comments worthy of the Pharisees. What is the reason for this?

In the realm of entertainment, the Beatles can say and do what they like, much as the role of medieval clown was to anchor the monarch to reality by insulting him in a humorous and impertinent fashion. Let the clown suddenly advise the king on foreign affairs, however, and he would fall out of favor. Why? Because the foreign minister isn't able to replace the clown, and almost anybody is able to replace a foreign minister.

The fact is that in so-called free countries, the uncharted division between entertainment and reality is as palpable a frontier as that between two nations. This is the result of a degree of sophistication that has never been attained in so-called unfree countries. In the unfree countries, the entertainer is taken so seriously that it is probably correct to say that the last war became inevitable at the very moment that the first German comic was arrested for making fun of Goering's size; it was clear at that moment that the Nazi machine had been constructed without safety valves. And endless self-accusations of Soviet artists would hardly have been necessary if the relative importance of the artist in society was as low as it is in the West. In the so-called unfree societies they make the flattering mistake of taking the artist seriously and regarding him as a potential influence on the man in the street. Up until recently, the so-called free societies have never been guilty of such a cumbersome miscalculation. However, since both the so-called free world and the so-called unfree world are busy with the aggravating business of coexistence—a state of affairs that has been brought about by the fact that they both have the bomb—they are now busy rather shyly imitating each other.

Our function as artists, and the function of the cinema, is to entertain. But by entertainment I don't mean anything more than that we must acquire the technique for keeping our audience awake (in that sense, the politician and even the priest must also entertain if they wish to convince). Apart from that, we need to be flexible, not petrified. We must accept nothing that we are told; believe nothing without examining it minutely. We must not be afraid of making ourselves confounded nuisances if the opportunity presents itself.

The arts are always a fortress of moral courage, and of independence of thought in a world in which great bulks of opinion tend to congeal more and more rapidly into dull, insensitive masses. Is it any wonder that scientists so often abscond with their secrets to some opposing political bloc, in the misguided belief that conditions will be different there? Why, they think, should their work be pressed into service of the great stupidities? They invariably end up embittered and saddened creatures, riddled with compromises, their horizons sometimes reduced to the size of a prison cell. The artist is luckier. He may be taken seriously but not on a practical level. He has nothing to offer but magic.

This article is adapted from an address at a ceremony in Amsterdam earlier this year at which Charlie Chaplin and Ingmar Bergman received awards for their work in films.

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Chaucer

By KENNETH REXROTH

CHAUCER WAS the first European writer after the classical period to enter upon the new world of the novel—centuries before anybody else penetrated as deeply into that complicated territory. Medieval romance was exactly that, romance, static, like the art of heraldry. Dante's *Divine Comedy* takes place in moral regions where decisions are over. Only the inhabitants of Purgatory can grow toward Paradise—and they only along predetermined lines, independent of each other and of their own wills. The *Divine Comedy* as Dante's interior panorama, a completely metaphorical *Remembrance of Things Past*, has dramatic development, but not in the novelistic or theatrical sense. Serial and linear collections like Boccaccio's *Decameron* have no necessary connection between the stories and their narrators; the settings are conveniences; language is rhetorical.

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and *Troilus and Criseyde* are dynamic structures of evolving interpersonal relations. On each type of character, like sculpture on an armature, a unique individual is erected with a minimum of rhetoric and a maximum of effective characterization. At the end of the "Prologue" a crowd of people have come to life. The tensions and affections that exist between them have been defined. From then on the Canterbury Pilgrims jostle, argue, push and pull, and twist in the fields of force set up by their manifold personalities, each one a center of power. However interesting in themselves, the tales are each a metaphor of the personality of the teller; each tale affects the listeners. In the "links" between tales the narrators are re-presented and redefined in special relationships.

Chaucer's pilgrims can be sorted into categories, the Seven Deadly Sins—pride, sloth, anger, lust, avarice, gluttony, envy; the Seven Cardinal Virtues: faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude; the four humours: blood, bile, black bile, phlegm; the influence of the planets and the Houses of the Zodiac—but this is far from reducing his psychology or philosophy of the personality to schematization. These thirty-eight factors, their commutations and permutations, can be figured out arithmetically and are a tidy sum. Besides, each traveler is defined in the first instance by occupation and most of them by native province; each person is strongly characterized by individually developed sexuality; each is a special, complex aspect of maleness or femaleness. This is a larger apparatus for a theory of character than that employed by modern novelists raised on the simple Old Testament schemata of psychoanalysis.

Turn and turn about, the characters of the pilgrimage and the characters of their tales develop not only a drama of great complexity but also a number of theses which Chaucer exposes with artistic discretion and subtle modulation. For instance, a philosophy of marriage is developed by the dialectic conflict of the Wife of Bath, the Clerk, the Merchant, the Franklin, with asides and assists from the Host, the fictional Chaucer, and various others. Paralleling this dialectic is another on love itself, of which the Knight's Tale and the Miller's Tale as ironic mirror images of each other are the most obvious. By the time the pilgrimage is over, Chaucer has defined sexual love in terms of a philosophy of the sacrament of marriage centuries in advance of most Catholic theologians—a middle-class marriage of free and equal personalities—and contrasted it with feudal chivalry.

THERE are dozens of subtle touches that show uncanny social and historical insight. In the "Prologue," in fifteen lines given to the Merchant, Chaucer defines mercantile capitalism with the skill and the understanding of a Marx, and with considerably fewer words. The Merchant is dressed at the height of middle-class rather than aristocratic fashion. A master of the new science of double-entry bookkeeping, he is a passionate defender of the freedom of the seas, and an expert at taking advantage of *voluta*—the differences in national currencies. He has his own well-developed theology to outwit the feudal church's prohibition of usury. Most important, his fortune is founded on the skilful, covert manipulation of debt. Most academic critics, themselves still living by feudal standards, miss the irony of this last item. The Merchant is not hoodwinking his creditors; the entire economy which the Merchant represents is founded on debt, called credit in the new theology. As Chaucer says, "Forsooth he was a worthy man withall/ But sooth to seyn, I know not how men him call" which doesn't mean the fictional Chaucer didn't know his name.

Hardly a characterization in the tales or in the "Prologue" and "links" does not lend itself to similar careful exegesis. However, we can approach Chaucer's meanings only through several levels of irony—the irony of the pilgrimage with its incongruous constituents, the irony of the narrators, especially as they use their tales to attack or flatter one another, the irony of the fictional Chaucer, the over-all narrator represented as an innocent, good-natured bufflehead, and the irony of the real Chaucer.

Chaucer was a man of the world in a sense that no other major English poet has ever been—a man of affairs, like Bagehot, Defoe, Fielding, or Clarendon. This gives his style an operative force found commonly only in China, where great statesmen were great poets. He uses language as a man uses it to get results. His knowledge of human beings is derived from a vast variety of practical situations in a busy life in county courts, the courts of Italian princes and the French king. His sly knowledge of human duplicity, so like Bertolt Brecht's, was learned as a Comptroller of Petty Customs and a hearer of provincial lawsuits, an environment not unlike the inner life of the German Communist Party. No English poet is a greater master of words that count.

One of the most remarkable things about Chaucer is that he has almost no vices. Great poets like Shakespeare or Baudelaire are destructive models for poetic practice; Milton and Virgil have so many vices that modern taste can scarce stomach them at all. In *Troilus and Criseyde* and *The Canterbury Tales* Chaucer is close to being a perfect model. If you want to learn to write, this is the way to do it. If you want to be a writer, this is the way to live, out in the world among men who think of language as an effective instrument of action.

A generation ago Chaucer was still being taught to high school seniors in the original language. No translation into modern English can transmit all Chaucer's many virtues. Both wit and music are missed. There are good modern versions in Penguin, Mentor, and Modern Library cheap editions to read along with the original. After a little practice Chaucer's language turns out to be not all that strange.

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Why Don't They Negotiate?

WHY HAS North Vietnam refused to negotiate—despite the massive American bombings, despite all urgings by the Secretary-General of the United Nations and other volunteer intermediaries, including Rumania? It is possible that the answer lies less in Hanoi than in Peking. First, some historical background.

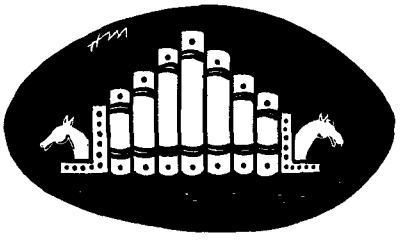
Most of the nations of Southeast Asia, especially those of Indochina, have had good cause over the centuries to be apprehensive about China, whatever its political system. For the weight of China has been omnipresent even when it has not been oppressive. The population movement of Chinese has been southward. In migrating, many Chinese did not relinquish their native citizenship or the claims of their homeland. Economically, there was a tendency to act as a unit. This situation, in fact, served as the basis for direct complaint by Southeast Asian leaders to Chou En-lai, Foreign Minister of Communist China, at the Asian-African Bandung Conference in 1955.

North Vietnam has not been altogether exempt from these historical antagonisms. Despite its ideological affinity with China, North Vietnam was intensely cautious for a long time about becoming dependent on Peking. Ho Chi Minh, leader and national hero of North Vietnam, had no intention of turning over the nationalist victory of his people to Mao Tse-tung. Recently, however, this policy of zealous circumspection has given way to liaison with the Chinese in the struggle in South Vietnam.

The stepped-up involvement of the United States has resulted in two changes in North Vietnamese policy. First, North Vietnam is no longer limiting its role to that of supplier and remote-controller of the Vietcong in South Vietnam. It is now fully engaged, with its troops fighting under their own national banner. Second, on the lesser-of-two-evils theory, North Vietnam is now looking to Communist China as its ultimate source of protection. And it is highly unlikely that any basic decision, whether with respect to negotiations or anything else, can now be made without the concurrence or even the initiative of Peking.

The essential question in the current situation, therefore, is not what is in the minds of the North Vietnamese but what is in the minds of the Chinese. It is not necessary here to penetrate vast fastnesses of enigma. The Chinese have made their position known in their arguments with the Soviet leaders. These arguments have a direct bearing on Chinese policy, in Vietnam or anywhere else.

At the core of the dispute between the Chinese and the Russians has been the question of relations with the United States. The Soviet Union took the position that the implications of nuclear warfare transcended ideological dogma and that there was no alternative to coexistence. It was doubtful, the Russians argued, that socialism or anything else could be built out of a civilization reduced to radioactive rubble. Moreover, the Russians said, Marx had no way of anticipating the profound changes that were to occur in the century following publication of his work.



The Chinese countered by saying that the Russians exaggerated the consequences of nuclear war. It would be dreadful but it would not be total. There would be enough left with which to complete the victorious pursuit of world socialism. In any case, the Chinese asserted, the question of war and peace was academic since war was inextricably bound up in the nature of capitalism and imperialism. In order for the Russian position to prevail, the Chinese contended in effect, it would be necessary for them to prove that the United States was neither capitalist nor imperialist—something that was manifestly impossible. And, since the Russians pursued a policy of coexistence and rapprochement with the Americans, this could only mean that the Russians either were deceiving themselves about the United States or were deliberately denying the validity of Marxist theory.

The dispute split the Communist world and resulted in a struggle for adherents, a struggle not less intense and scarcely less explosive than the world ideological struggle itself.

THE war in Vietnam has provided the Chinese with an ideal proving ground for their stand. In the light of actual events, they have been able to charge the Russians with holding propositions that were demonstrably false. At precisely the time, in fact, when Russian leaders were in Hanoi seeking to consolidate their position with the North Vietnamese, the United States began its bombing attack on North Vietnam from the air. And when the United States, in addition to the air bombing, began building up its ground forces, the Chinese seized on these facts as proof of the colonial imperialist role of the United States in Asia.

Under the circumstances, the Chinese see little advantage to an early end to the Vietnam war. The longer the war goes on, the stronger their ideological position inside the Communist world. They can point to the Russians as compromisers with Western imperialists. They can denounce the Russians as mistaken opportunists who are in full retreat from their own revolution. And they can point to the United States as the common enemy that seeks to impose

(*Continued on page* 62)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Speaking Out

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY casualties in Vietnam continue very high. In one recent week American fatalities there surpassed our weekly average for the Korean War. We are once more engaged in large-scale warfare on the mainland of Asia.

Many are speaking out or demonstrating against United States policy in Vietnam. I would like to suggest that the *SR* fund for Cam Ne should be made a continuing campaign to aid civilian victims of the warfare. And it is hardly going too far to urge that citizens who believe that this tragic war must be brought promptly to an end should seek to remind ourselves and others, daily, of its callous protraction and escalation. Perhaps wearing a black armband of mourning during this holiday season would be appropriate.

DAVID S. TILLSON,
Professor of Anthropology,
State University College.
Brockport, N.Y.

Second Looks at Extremism

OVER THE YEARS *SR* has had an enviable reputation for objectivity and professionalism. This reputation is not enhanced in any way by the article on extremism by Arthur M. Schlesinger [*SR*, Nov. 27]. This rehash, stirring the 1964 campaign, the anti-Catholics, the anti-Masons, the McCarthyites, and the Ku Klux Klan all together is patently ridiculous.

Surely most thinking people today recognize the fact that the 1964 campaign, revolving around some words of one of the candidates, was following a simple United States Presidential campaign pattern. The issues of most campaigns are far too involved to explain in a few words, and typically we Americans have seized upon some cliché of the hour. The Goldwater quotation resulted in a serious form of hysteria, but surely no candidate of either side could have satisfied Americans by saying, "Moderation in the defense of liberty is no vice."

Arthur Schlesinger and thousands of other detractors choose to overlook many of America's extremists who have most often been our "good guys." How about "Give me liberty or give me death," "Not one cent for tribute," and "Speak softly and carry a big stick"?

TIMOTHY D. CALVIN.
Akron, O.

MR. SCHLESINGER CITES the Junior Order of United American Mechanics as an example of extremism in the middle 1800s. It might be of interest to your readers to know that in the ensuing 125 years the Junior Order has made a contribution to American life that far outweighs, at least in one woman's opinion, any part it may have had in the rise (and demise) of the Know-Nothings. This contribution lies in the field of salvaging human lives.

The Junior Order has been responsible for the maintenance of child-care institutions, first in Tiffin, Ohio, and currently in Lexington, North Carolina, for more than sixty-five years. The program, originally begun to care for the orphaned children of members, is now designed to help that most unwanted and difficult-to-place child—the teen-ager whose life and home have been disrupted by parental alcoholism, divorce, desertion, neglect, abuse, or intolerable living conditions. . . . Literally thousands of lives have been touched by the Junior Order through this facet of its activities.

While Mr. Schlesinger is probably quite accurate in his description of the rise of the JUOAM, the Order has survived these many years and has performed a service in social relations that its founders could scarcely have anticipated. Since I know of nothing of this nature, either constructive or humanitarian, that has been accomplished by the KKK I find the implicit equation of the Junior Order with this and other extremist groups both unfortunate and unfair.

MRS. W. D. HUFFINES.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

"You see, in a certain light he looks just like Lincoln."

First Things First

IN OUR ENGLISH CLASS we took issue with Joseph Wood Krutch's reasons for not going to the moon ["Why I Am Not Going to the Moon," *SR*, Nov. 20]. We felt that more of the taxpayers' money should be spent at home, helping the needy within our own country rather than using so much for foreign aid, which becomes only political propaganda anyway.

After we have built up our own country we would then be justified in expanding our knowledge of the world in which we live. As an educated people, we have a right to know about our surroundings. As a world leader, we have a right to the prestige gained from investigations conducted by our scientists, whether on this earth or beyond the earth.

MRS. LOCKETT'S 7TH-PERIOD CLASS,
Yselta High School.
El Paso, Tex.

Preservation and Prettifying

I HAVE READ many of Katharine Kuh's articles with interest, and was certainly delighted to see the one about Olana [*SR*, Nov. 27]. Olana should by all means be preserved, because of the unusual and striking architecture, the vast collection of Church's paintings, and the great natural beauty of its setting, and I was most happy that Mrs. Kuh was giving this preservation a plug. But I was shocked by her last sentences about Mrs. Johnson's efforts at "prettying up the highways," especially when she writes, "Our real enemies are not billboards but bulldozers." What good would it do to save Olana—and all its counterparts—if their boundaries were lined with billboards and the views were cluttered with junkyards? Our enemies are bulldozers *and* billboards, Mrs. Kuh!

MRS. KENNETH DAVENPORT.
Stone Ridge, N.Y.

Season in the Sun

HORACE SUTTON, in his lively coverage of Sarasota as a Florida West Coast cerebral sanctuary [*SR*, Oct. 16], refers to a "winter-long semester of theater by the Players" in the Ringling Museum's Asolo Theater. A winter season it is, but of professional opera presented with great vitality by the Turnau Opera Players, whose summer season is in Woodstock, New York.

JEANNE DOYLE.
Sarasota, Fla.

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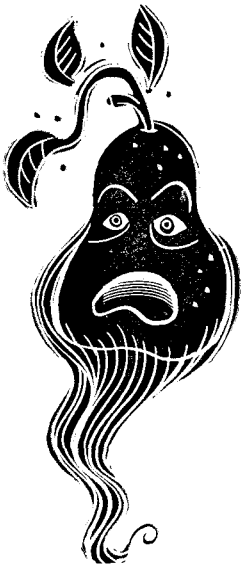
A MAGUS

A missionary from the Mau Mau told me.
There are spores blowing from space.
He has himself seen an amazing botany
springing the jungle. Fruit with a bearded face
that howls at the picker. Mushrooms that bleed.
A tree of enormous roots that sends no trace
above ground; not a leaf. And he showed me the seed
of strange lettuces that induce
languages. The Jungle has come loose,
is changing purposes.
Nor are these vegetations
of the new continuum the only sign.
New eyes have observed the constellations.
And what does not change when looked at? – coastline?
sea? sky? The propaganda of the wind reaches.
Set watches on your gardens. What spring teaches
seed shall make new verbs. A root is a tongue.



I repeat it as he spoke it. I do not interpret
what I do not understand. He comes among
many who have come to us. He speaks and we forget
and are slow to be reminded. But he does come,
signs do appear.
There are poisoned islands far over:
fish from their reefs come to table, and some
glow in the dark not of candlelight. A windhover
chatters in the counters of our polar camps.
A lectern burns. Geese jam the radar. The red phone
rings. Is there an answer? Planes from black ramps
howl to the edge of sound. The unknown
air breaks from them. They crash through.
What time is it in orbit? Israeli teams
report they have found the body, but Easter seems
symbolically secure. What more is true?

How many megatons of idea is a man? What island
lies beyond his saying? I have heard, and say
what I heard said, and believe. I do not understand.
But I have seen him change water to blood, and call away
the Lion from its Empire. He speaks that tongue.
I have seen white bird and black bird follow him, hung
like one cloud over his head. His hand,
when he wills it, bursts into flame. The white bird
and the black divide and circle it. At his word
they enter the fire and glow like metal. A ray
reaches from him to the top of the air,
and in it the figures of a vision play
these things I believe whose meaning I cannot say.

Then he closes his fist and there is nothing there.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Year's Fiction in Review

AS I look back over the books I reviewed in 1965, I remember with particular pleasure a quartet of novels that were published in close succession this past fall: Muriel Spark's *The Mandelbaum Gate*, George P. Elliott's *In the World*, Iris Murdoch's *The Red and the Green*, and Peter Matthiessen's *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*. All four of the authors I have followed from their beginnings, learning to expect from them both literary skill and a high degree of intelligence. These qualities are fully present in the new novels, and there is also a kind of liveliness that is rather unusual in contemporary fiction. Each of the four caught my attention with its first chapter, and each of them proved to be not merely interesting but exciting. We all know the man who says that what he wants in a novel is a good story and no funny business. There is funny business, meaning technical experimentation, in each of the novels, but there is also as compelling a narrative drive as anyone could ask for.

The two most controversial novels of the year were, of course, Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* and Marguerite Young's *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*. The former, as few readers of *SR* will be surprised to hear, seems to me an embarrassingly sad production. On Miss Young's 1,198-page night-and-day dream I take middle ground. I cannot agree with the several reviewers who have proclaimed it a masterpiece, but, on the other hand, I cannot dismiss it out of hand as boring balderdash. Miss Young is a talented writer who went astray—for, alas, seventeen years.

No novel published in 1965 seemed to me to make a more important contribution to American literature than Wright Morris's *One Day*. David Madden concluded his *Wright Morris* (Twayne, $3.50), written before *One Day* was published, in this way: "In his finest novels . . . one sees unforgettable characters and landscapes, one hears an authentic American voice that speaks with authority, one feels a firm technical control. And some readers and critics believe that these are touchstones of excellence in modern fiction." All of these virtues are as richly displayed in *One Day* as in anything Morris had previously written, and for those who have not discovered Morris there is no better book with which to begin.

Another important work of fiction was Flannery O'Connor's posthumous collection of short stories, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*. Because I reviewed the book from proofs, I had not seen Robert Fitzgerald's introduction when I wrote my review. It is a friendly, admiring, but candid appraisal, most helpful in the reading of Miss O'Connor's work. As for the stories themselves, most of them are magnificent.

Although William Humphrey's *The Ordways* was for me a disappointment after *Home from the Hill*, I predicted that it would please many readers, and it has done so. If it is loosely put together, some of its parts are excellent. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, or Pearls Before Swine* didn't seem to me quite so funny as *Cat's Cradle*, but it made a point. As *Of the Farm* once more shows, John Updike can do gracefully and with apparent ease what he tries to do; that is why one can't help wishing that he would try something a little more difficult than he has yet attempted. In *The Emperor of Ice-Cream* Brian Moore has gone back to his youth in Belfast, and has written with insight and no sentimentality about a boy's coming of age.

As usual, there were more first novels than I could keep track of, but I did read a few and liked some of them. Henry Van Dyke, a young man, wrote a witty and perceptive novel about two old women, *Ladies of the Rachmaninoff Eyes*. In *The Cherry Pit* Donald Harington set forth the lively adventures of a young man who tried to go home again. Earl Rovit's *The Player King* is ambitious and often astonishing, and even if it is only intermittently successful, it is a good deal of fun. *The System of Dante's Hell*, by LeRoi Jones, can be called a novel only by stretching even E. M. Forster's definition as far as it will go, but there are pages of powerful prose. I should also mention a first collection of short stories, *Roar Lion Roar*, by Irvin Faust. The title story and two or three others are worth getting excited about.

I have reviewed this year an unusual number of books about writers and writ-

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ing. In *Where the Light Falls* Chard Powers Smith has offered an account of the life of Edwin Arlington Robinson, a new interpretation of some of his major poems, and an evaluation of his work as a whole. I hope it will remind many people that Robinson is one of the important American poets of this century. (For those who want to find out for themselves, Macmillan has published *Selected Poems of E. A. Robinson,* with an introduction by the late Morton D. Zabel.)

Then there was W. A. Swanberg's ponderous *Dreiser,* a study of the man and his life rather than an examination of his work. There had long been reason to believe that Dreiser's career had been less than exemplary, But Swanberg's record of his misdeeds is overwhelming. Somerset Maugham used to ask, "Can a writer be a gentleman?" and his answer was, "No." Swanberg's question is, "Can a scoundrel be a writer?" and the answer is, to no one's surprise, "Yes."

Edmund Wilson's *The Bit Between My Teeth,* a collection of literary pieces written in the past fifteen years, has brought forth at least one example of old-fashioned anti-Wilsonism. However, Sherman Paul's critical study does him a large measure of justice. Louis Auchincloss examines some of the women writers of the past seventy or eighty years in *Pioneers and Caretakers,* and Jonathan Baumbach talks about Bellow, Morris, and other contemporaries in *The Landscape of Nightmare. William Faulkner of Oxford* shows us the novelist as his neighbors saw him, and another Mississippian, Eudora Welty, is the subject of Alfred Appel, Jr.'s *A Season of Dreams.* Something of the strangeness of Malcolm Lowry, author of *Under the Volcano,* is revealed in his *Selected Letters.*

What else? I did some catching up, reading the aforementioned *Under the Volcano* and the three novels of John Barth, which I liked, especially *The Sot-Weed Factor,* an historical novel to end historical novels—or, perhaps, to mark a new beginning. I thought well of Theodore Bernstein's *The Careful Writer,* a useful book in what T.S. Eliot called the "raid on the inarticulate." I suffered from time to time in the pursuit of my duties during the year, but I experienced more pleasure than pain.

—Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Ineligible

The four book jackets shown with David Dempsey's article, "Book Jackets—The New Wave" [*SR,* Dec. 4], were referred to as being ". . . among those nominated for Turck & Reinfeld's 1964-65 competition." This is only half correct. . . . Two of the jackets (*The Laughter Trap* and *White Teacher in a Black School*) were designed by Turck & Reinfeld's Rus Anderson. Because the Biennial Book Jacket Competition is sponsored by Turck & Reinfeld, no jackets designed by Turck & Reinfeld people are allowed in the competition.

The other two jackets (*A Mother's Kisses* and *The Meaning of the American Revolution*) were not only nominated for the 1964-65 Book Jacket Contest, they were winners. . . .

Book jackets are a very exciting part of a very exciting field. Mr. Dempsey managed to convey some of that excitement.

Gary Madderom,
Assistant to the President,
Turck & Reinfeld.

New York, N.Y.

Not Religious Persecution

Richard Dudman's review of Marguerite Higgins's *Our Vietnam Nightmare* [*SR,* Nov. 20] does not do justice to the book. Conceding Miss Higgins's point that practicing Buddhists are a minority in South Vietnam, Dudman adds: "But even a minority has a right to be free from persecution." The impression he leaves is that the author condones persecution as long as it is directed merely against a minority group. In reality it is a major part of Miss Higgins's thesis that the Buddhist minority was not being subjected to religious persecution at all. The Buddhists who did get into trouble were *political* opponents of the Diem régime and were dealt with as such. The suppression of political trouble-makers in time of war is surely a matter of routine; certainly it was in the United States under Abraham Lincoln. . . .

K. H. W. Hilborn.

London, Canada.

We Halted the Red Run?

I think it is probably true, as argued by a scribble of writers reviewed in *SR,* Nov. 27, that U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic "frustrated the will of the majority"—but not quite in the way they mean. The insane but clearly demonstrable fact is that U.S. intervention prevented the annihilation of the Communists, who were on the run when the first marines landed in April, and has preserved them as a threat to law and order. . . . The rebels never controlled more than perhaps three square miles of downtown Santo Domingo. The military authorities, who controlled 90 per cent of the country throughout the revolt, were mopping up the rebels with no particular difficulty when we moved in. . . .

Our troops came under murderously-intended sniper attack from the rebels the moment they landed. The fact that our casualties were not much higher than they actually proved to be is attributable solely to the poor marksmanship of the rebels' casually armed mobs. . . .

Milton H. Anderson, Jr.

New York, N.Y.

Hazardous Galley

If you write, you are often misprinted, and you usually avoid the pedantry of sending in corrections; you hope that the reader will accept the misprint as a misprint. Unfortunately, in Edmund Wilson's fine new volume of critical essays, *The Bit Between My Teeth* [*SR,* Nov. 20], he quotes a review of mine from *SR* in which he blames me for what was a misprint. About a year ago I wrote in these columns asking what the devil a certain author was "doing in this galley." In print, the word *galley* came out *gallery.* I should have known better than to use this quotation from Molière, since the same error occurred when I drew upon it in a university quarterly a few years ago. As Mr. Wilson points out, the word in French is *galère.* He lists the quotation among "Current Clichés and Solecisms"; it certainly isn't a cliché, or *galley* wouldn't be treated so badly in print (Mr. Wilson finds the mistake even in Fowler). I've known the line for many years, first from the reference to it in *Cyrano de Bergerac,* and later in Molière. Since every literate person should read Mr. Wilson's book and many of them will, I'd at least like it known that when I sent in my review, it didn't say *gallery* for *galley.*

Harry T. Moore.

Carterville, Ill.

Inconsistency

Evidently one must be endowed with a superior mind to bridge what plain mortals would consider an inconsistency: to be against racial discrimination and at the same time for Malcolm X. No, I am not questioning Emile Capouya's plea for an understanding of Malcolm X and the black nationalists [*The Autobiography of Malcolm X, SR,* Nov. 20]. Yes, they are products of the injustices that the Negro people have experienced and the suffering that they have been subjected to. But to understand is not necessarily to condone, and Mr. Capouya goes much further than mere condoning of Malcolm X. He tells us that Malcolm X's "message" is "mostly true." Perhaps I am not enough of an intellectual to see the logic of white racism being false but black racism being true. . . .

Celia Stopnicka Heller.

New York, N.Y.

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A Poet Who Needs His Poem

By RICHARD MOORE, *whose poems have appeared in The New Yorker, Harper's, Atlantic Monthly and other publications.*

GOOD poetry has always been rare because it results from a contradiction: mastery and helplessness. The poet must be a "lord of language," and yet if the language and subject of a poem don't become lord and master of the poet, then it is no poem at all. The poet must have a personal need for his own poem. *Paradise Lost* ran away with Milton and has been troubling scholars ever since. Nowadays this helplessness which can develop into poetry develops much more easily and naturally into insanity, whereas the mastery of one's language leads naturally to success in the world, getting one's book placed with a publisher, and forgetting about one's human helplessness altogether.

When confronted with a volume of new poetry, the most pertinent question to ask is, did the poet need his poem? If he didn't, we don't either—no matter how intelligent and sophisticated he may be.

Carolyn Kizer's *Knock Upon Silence* (Doubleday, $2.95) consists partly of translations from the eighth-century Chinese poet Tu Fu, and partly of original poems in a style apparently suggested by the translations, employing loose meters and simple, unrhetorical diction. There are no verbal fireworks, no fancy displays. Instead, there is often a moving fusion between things observed and things felt. For example, here are the opening lines of "Summer by the River":

> I have carried my pillow to the windowsill
> And try to sleep, with my damp arms crossed upon it
> But no breeze stirs the tepid morning.
> Only I stir . . . Come, tease me a little!
> With such cold passion, so little teasing play,
> How long can we endure our life together?

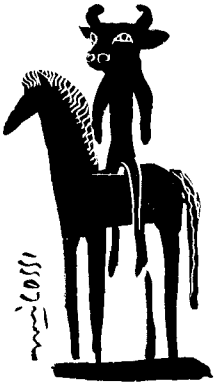
The scene—the hot, breezeless night—blends perfectly with the woman's thoughts about a decaying love affair. The transition from outer description to inner awareness is both surprising and logical, and the reader is moved because he senses what isn't stated: the emotion that leads the woman to make the association. One also feels, reading such a passage, that it is emotion, human feeling, which makes the outer and inner worlds in fact inseparable. The ego disappears in the understanding of one's situation. This is very fine poetry indeed, and there are many first-rate poems that work in a similar way in the first section of the book, called "Chinese Imitations" though they evoke a contemporary America.

The second section, which is the weakest part of the book, takes the form of a diary, again about a collapsing love affair, in prose fragments mixed with occasional *haiku*. It is moving in places, witty in others; but there is also a tendency to be straggling and repetitive. There follow three conversational poems which are a unique and witty attempt to discuss the state of modern emancipated woman: "Freed in fact, not in custom, lifted from furrow and scullery,/Not obliged, now, to be the pot for the annual chicken,/*Have we begun to arrive in time?*" These poems, collectively titled "Pro Femina," have a cocktail party urbanity reminiscent of Horace's satires (hardly of Juvenal's, as the dust jacket claims). Indeed, these (and other poems in the book as well) are written in a loose dactylic or anapestic pentameter which reminds one of the Latin meters, and accords well with the tone.

The book concludes with the translations from the Chinese. Whether they contain, as we are sometimes told translations must, the true spirit of Tu Fu, I am unqualified to say; but Miss Kizer *has* brought to life a delightful old Chinese drunk of a thousand years ago, and what he says about his empire still seems relevant.

This book is a rare event. One senses in it a fully developed gift in the service of an urgent and unifying perception.

As the dust jacket on his *Views from a Ferris Wheel* (Dutton, $3.50) states, Robert Wallace is a "true professional."



In the delightful introductory poem about going up on a ferris wheel he deliberately uses a couplet reminiscent of Marvell and, what is more, uses it well, except for a touch of unidiomatic English in the last line. The poems that follow, mostly anecdotal, convince us that Mr. Wallace has a fine eye for description and is in general satisfied with his existence. The variety in verse form is remarkable. There is a well-turned Petrarchan sonnet about his daughter at a Saturday movie, other sonnets that are less regular, three-step-lined free verse in the manner of William Carlos Williams, blank verse *à la* Robert Frost about abandoned houses. Mr. Wallace seems perfectly at home in all these forms. For example, a butterfly (which I shall christen William Carlos)

> lights,
> skitters again till the eye loses hold,
> and
> carrying his journey with him
> is
> gone.

Similarly, when the subject (a man chopping wood at midnight) suggests Robert Frost, we get not only Frost's blank verse but his playfulness as well:

> The axe chipped moths
> up, where it worked, and scattered them like flowers
> along the grass-top, or little funerals
> floating upon a lightning-colored sea
> that wouldn't sink them.

Imitative brilliance like this makes one feel uneasy; and elsewhere—in "The House," for example, another Frost imitation—when a dullness, a half-heartedness creeps in, one begins to suspect that one is not reading poems at all, but classroom exercises. The book gives no feeling of underlying unity. The poems are usually pleasant, sometimes delightful, but did the poet have any great need for them—and do we?

Maxine Kumin is an accomplished and professional poet of what might be called the Bishop-Lowell-Sexton school. More important, when she has a subject she can write moving and memorable poems. The best of those in her second book, *The Privilege* (Harper & Row, $3.95), are a series of evocations of childhood. In "The Spell," for example, that enchanted garden we can all re-

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member (and which has been popping in and out of modern verse for quite some time now) suddenly becomes startlingly real and alive with supernatural presences, including a mother who seems like the God in Genesis. And then there is the marvelous portrait of a pawnbroker father:

possessor of miracles left unredeemed
on the shelf
after thirty days,
giver and lender, no longer in hock to
himself,
ruled off the balance sheet,
a man of great personal order
and small white feet.

One can see in this passage the witty manner which—along with striking descriptions evoking unexpected senses—is Mrs. Kumin's main way of making poems. Sometimes she seems grimly determined to be witty, and this can distract one from a good poem, as with "The Praying Fool." At other times her manner seems to keep her from finding her subject. In "The Appointment," for example, there is vividness; there is experience behind the vividness; but the poem, one feels, is needlessly coy about that experience. In other poems the tangible part of a metaphysical conceit works loose and develops a life of its own, and again the subject tends to get lost.

But with so many fine poems (there are some excellently lush love poems in the final section that makes me think of *The Song of Songs*), one musn't quibble too much about a few. Mrs. Kumin is a real poet.

George Barker's *Collected Poems 1930-1965* (October House, $7.50) recapitulates thirty years of a controversial talent. A few of his poems, like the wonderful "Sonnet to My Mother," have deservedly been anthology pieces of long standing. The bulk of his work, however, consists of rambling elegies, odes, allegories, and visions about the state of Modern Man. Their quasi-surrealistic diction has seemed grand and exciting to some, but to me it is a frenetic striving after "verve" which ends by being tiresome. The singing robes persist in slipping, and we keep glimpsing the commonplace or the unintentionally ridiculous, as when the poet addresses his son:

Why were you born? I love. This is
the reason.
But do not ask me why or whom—

Whom? The boy's mother, presumably.

Mr. Barker can do much better, often hitting on something genuinely imaginative, when he forgets his duty to meet the awfulness of the world head-on, and allows himself to be playful:

Down in the deep ground
Bisexuals squirm
O if only we found it
As easy as worms.

But the smoke like a ghost
Rises up from the stack
And no wind O no wind
Can gather it back.

One suspects that Mr. Barker would be a finer, more genuine poet if he worked on a smaller scale. He is like those lyrical nineteenth-century composers who felt driven to write grandiose concerti, whose charming but fragile themes fail to carry the ponderous symphonic movement.

From the title of his first book, *Solitudes Crowded with Loneliness* (New Directions, paperback, $1.60), to the puerilities of the "Abomunist Manifesto," which concludes the volume, Bob Kaufman is very nearly a standard beatnik poet. We find the surrealist diction grimly bent on shocking us; the poem to Ginsberg; the prose poem dutifully in the style of Rimbaud, patron saint of all the cats; jazz in every other poem; the aimless incantatory repetitions . . . how beautiful the simple repeating harmonies of the blues used to be when there was a Johnny Dodds or a Bunk Johnson

producing something imaginative to go with them!

But in spite of such nonsense Mr. Kaufman displays inventiveness, occasional wit, a delightful zaniness:

The Church is becoming alarmed by
the number of people defecting to
God.
The Holy Intelligence Agency is puz-
zled: they have proof he is broke
and his agents
Use spiritual brainwashing in addition
to promises of quick sainthood.

This is a wonderful idea; why didn't he develop it? In the third line quoted it has already begun to peter out, and we are soon back in "that Black Hole of Calcutta behind my eyes."

Let me quote from the finest poem in the book:

When I see the little Buddhist scouts
Marching with their Zen mothers
To tea ceremonies at the rock garden,
I shake my head. . . . It falls off.

and take leave of Mr. Kaufman with the hope that in the future he will rely more on his own wit and less on the cant of others.

Louis Simpson's *Selected Poems* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95) contains twelve new poems plus selections from his four earlier volumes, one of which received the Pulitzer Prize last year. The winning book, we find, possessed such banalities as "The Silent Lover":

She sighs. What shall I say?
For beauty seems to grow
In silence, when the heart is faint and
slow.

Sing, sing . . . How shall I sing?
In silent eyes, where clouds and
islands gaze,
The waves bring Eros in.

I think the rustling of her clothes
Is like the sea, and she
A wild white bird,

And love is like the sighing of the
sand.

There is not a line in this poem that hasn't been hackneyed since W. B. Yeats grew nearsighted fumbling in the Celtic Twilight. Mr. Simpson's verse tends to be vague in description and weak in metaphor, and the strict rhymes and meters of his earlier poems are mechanical and lifeless.

His favorite theme is the fashionable one of contemporary cultural and social decay. Poems of this type can be successful when the poet finds some way to make the subject concrete and personal—as, for example, one feels the decay of ancient Rome in Catullus's Lesbia poems. Sometimes Mr. Simpson is con-

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vincing, as in "A Story About Chicken Soup," where strong personal emotions are tellingly refracted through an apparently glib surface. A poem like "There Is," however, merely postures in the latest attitudes of *Weltschmerz*. We are presented with a list of rather obvious urban unpleasantnesses, replete with Eliot-like incantations, and are left with the feeling that the observations are too trivial for the theme and that the poem did not arise from experience but from a sense of literary propriety.

The twelve new poems in this volume seem by far the best. In place of an earlier stridency there is a quiet, arch tone reminiscent of Wallace Stevens or Marianne Moore in a poem like "The Laurel Tree," and a method of construction in others that reminds me of Georg Trakl. Paradoxically, the vices of Mr. Simpson's poetry are an overintellectualism and an artificiality typical in an age when poetry is unread and poetic reputations are made by "experts." This is why it is moving in these last poems when, instead of merely bemoaning the decay of the times, he sees himself for the first time as part of it:

> Who lives in these dark houses?
> I am suddenly aware
> I might live here myself.

Franklin Hamilton, whose slim paperback *leaf scar* ($2), consisting of 107 short poems, is available only from 423 South Franklin Avenue, Flint, Michigan, is that strangest of all phenomena, the seemingly untutored poet. His work reminds me of no one, except possibly some recent English translations of French translations of certain songs of the Gaban Pigmies.

> at the concert
> music swam out from the hall
> under the black stars into the storm
>
> and from the storm
> came a firefly in among people
> to listen to music.

That is an entire poem, and one of the better ones. Most of them are less interesting; Mr. Hamilton is no self-critic. In one of them he speaks of various modern poets in a way that convinces me they have meant very little to him. One feels an embarrassing lack of sophistication and conscious sense of art in these poems, a prevailing gaucheness and a recurring bathos; and yet there is such a simple freshness sometimes, such a lilt, that I feel I am in the presence of a real person, a poet:

> days crawl out of egg shell days,
> rain falls upon shattered stone,
>
> living becomes empty sea spray,
> nightfall creeps
> afraid over the vast graveyard;
> all this has come about
> since you went away;
> all this,
> and loneliness sharp as the clawing
> sea winds.

No art? Six of the nine lines of this little dirge end with a spondee. Mr. Hamilton needed that poem, and so do I.

Michael Goldman's *First Poems* (Macmillan, $3.95) presents us with another example of what may be called the fireworks and verve school. In the eternal celebration of LOVE (what more respectable emotion these days, as we riot and murder our way to The Great Society?) let us have high spirits and wild words at all costs. The second poem offers a fair example of the kind of verse in this book:

> This house is shrieking with consent,
> unfetter the air:
> braced walls explode, windows
> rumple and spray like sea, bricks
> trumpet to the sun, floors swell
> and tear, like flowers bubbling their
> hearts'
> grave wine in dusty sills, until
> day's heat is done,
> the chains
> flutter to rest and through the dark,
> contention
> falls on the house like peace, like air.

Clearly the writer of this is bent on interesting and striking combinations of words. But does he jar us too easily? Is there a shudder of recognition the poet himself has shuddered through, and which makes our shudder lasting? Mr. Goldman seems to be making the point that the peacefulness in a family before an argument erupts is more violent, in a way, than the argument itself, which releases tension. This is put very well in the paradox of the last line and a half. But what about the exploding, rumpling, trumpeting, swelling, and bubbling in the middle of the poem? It is impossible to sense precisely what they mean. They are vague mood-words. We would like to know more about what that awful calm was like, and feel that the poet simply hasn't taken the trouble to find out and tell us.

To generalize, the rhetorical style obtrudes between the author and his material. Is the material so commonplace that it must be doctored so? In perhaps the best poem in the book, "Bedtime in Autumn," the trumpets are laid aside (or possibly haven't been picked up yet), and there is a fine and perceptive simplicity. It is an excellent "standard" poem in every sense with a keenly visualized scene, sensitive description relating to a common experience, and absolutely no disturbing emotions.

It is difficult to see what conclusion can be drawn from these eight books except that good poetry continues to be written and reputations continue to be made, and that sometime—in a hundred years or so, perhaps—the twain, let us hope, will meet.

"My secretary doesn't understand me."

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They Hated a Myth, Murdered a Man

A Little Girl Is Dead, *by Harry Golden (World. 363 pp. $5), recreates a 1913 Atlanta murder trial in which justice and equity were engulfed by mob hysteria. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is on the editorial staff of the Greensboro, N.C., Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

THE AGONY of Leo Frank in Georgia "paralleled the agony of Alfred Dreyfus in France," writes Harry Golden. It is an obvious but apt comparison. Both Frank and Dreyfus were Jews ill-treated by predominantly gentile societies, and the issue in both cases was whether tribal pride should be sustained at the expense of justice. No one questions today that in 1913-15 the pride of a state, or at least a large part of it, was gratified at a ghastly price in the trial and lynching of Leo Frank. This powerful retelling of the story makes clear how and why.

Leo Frank, then twenty-three, came to Atlanta in 1907 to manage a pencil factory owned by a firm in which his uncle was majority stockholder. He married into a well-to-do Atlanta Jewish family, and settled into the prosaic business routine that seemed to suit his saturnine temperament. But this routine was rudely shattered on a cloudy Confederate Memorial Day in 1913, when fourteen-year-old Mary Phagan, who worked in the factory, was brutally slain on its premises and her body hidden in the basement.

Frank, to his misfortune, had been at the all but deserted factory that Saturday, and had handed Mary Phagan a brown envelope containing her meager back wages. Circumstances thus vaguely implicated Frank: he was there; he saw Mary Phagan, and he could not establish an ironclad alibi to account for his movements during the crucial hour that his accusers, not without dispute, set as the time of Mary's murder. But the decisive testimony was that of Jim Conley, a Negro sweeper at the factory who had a criminal record. He came forth under police coaching with a detailed story of how Frank bribed him to dispose of Mary's corpse and to pencil the two semiliterate notes, implicating a "long tall dark negro," that were found with her body. The glaring inconsistencies in Conley's tale convinced Governor John Marshall Slaton of Frank's innocence,

Leo Frank at his installation as president of the Atlanta B'nai B'rith, 1912 —"the rabble howled for a hanging."

and later convinced students of the case of Conley's guilt—a version explicitly accepted by Mr. Golden.

But any detail that raised or quelled legitimate suspicion is historically irrelevant, for it was instantly eclipsed by mob madness. An outcry arose for the hanging of the rich "Jew Sodomite" (in the scurrilous language of Thomas Watson's populist *Jeffersonian*) who had murdered a "white" gentile Southern girl and arrogantly planned—so the wildfire rumor had it—to buy his way out. Not only was Watson in full cry; the sensational reporting of the Hearst Atlanta *Georgian* quickly drew into its irresponsible orbit the *Constitution* and *Journal*. While printing ineffectual editorial pleas for calm, the last two retailed every sordid accusation against Frank. In the sweltering heat of midsummer Georgia the month-long trial moved to its certain miscarriage of justice.

Underlying this "judicial murder" was not only a yellow press but the determination of Atlanta police and public prosecutors to get their quarry. The jury deliberated for only two hours, while the rabble howled for a hanging; the venerable Judge Leonard Roan, his health broken by the ordeal, against his better instincts denied Frank a new trial and sentenced him to hang. Appeals, including one to the U. S. Supreme Court, which elicited a noble dissenting opinion from Justice Holmes, availed nothing. Frank was still bound for the gallows when Governor Slaton courageously commuted the sentence. But on the night of August 16, 1915, twenty-five nightriders snatched Frank from his bed at the state penitentiary at Milledgeville and lynched him, afterwards mutilating his body.

Mr. Golden, who has been absorbed with the Leo Frank story "from my days on the lower East Side of New York when I hawked newspapers and cried out [his] fate from the headlines," has written a jolting book. With stark detail he recounts a sickening story. Mr. Golden long ago moved South, and as editor of the *Carolina Israelite* has established himself as a witty and perceptive student of Southern folkways. His observations have given him perspectives on the Frank case that constitute both the strength and the weakness of this study.

THE strength is his skillful placing of the Frank case in its historical setting—the era of the "New South," when idealists (and some cynics, too) proclaimed to the impoverished rural whites the El Dorado of the factory; the era when sharecroppers quit the plow for the mill. From the resulting "linthead" stock, characteristically lank and livid, pitiable and volatile, Mary Phagan sprang. She was "one of ours" for the rural folk of Georgia, and when lapsed agrarian idealists like Tom Watson fanned underlying suspicion that factory owners oppressed and exploited the Mary Phagans and her kind—as to some degree they did—resentment flared. It was this passion that victimized Leo Frank; he embodied a vicious myth.

Harry Golden well understands the hatreds that made Frank a scapegoat. But he knows the South too well by now, I should think, to subscribe to the vulgar Freudianism that "explains" its bigotry as the offspring of "sexual obsession." This reviewer has yet to be persuaded that white Southerners, as a group, are peculiarly obsessed with sexual fantasies, or that such theories very much elucidate racism. The ugly innuendos of sexual perversion played, from the evidence of Mr. Golden's own study, a very minor role in provoking the mob against Frank.

In the Frank case of 1913, as in the judicial tragedies of Haynesville, Alabama, in 1965, the fault lay in viewing persons not as persons but as the incarnation of myths—the exploitative Jew, the "agitator," the "nigger." In the reaction against the South that is now so fashionable there is a danger that, like the "nigger" and the Jew before him, the Southerner will also cease to be seen as a person whose range of individuality is infinite, and will become

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a category. Mr. Golden's psychology, as glib as his history is perceptive, contributes in this book to that easy and fatal way of thinking, and thus mars an otherwise excellent work.

Boys' Towns in Italy: At the end of World War II, Monsignor J. Patrick Carroll-Abbing set out to feed and clothe the street boys of Italy. That good work has occupied the life of this good, Jesuit-trained Irishman for over twenty years. In that time he has given aid and succor to thousands of homeless, underprivileged boys. At present, thanks to his efforts, there are nine Boys' Towns in Italy and thirty-one day centers that provide supplementary help. Monsignor Carroll-Abbing has been properly honored by the Italian government, the Vatican, Notre Dame University, and the United Nations.

It seems almost an act of cruelty, in view of all that, to speak unkindly of Carroll-Abbing's new book, *But for the Grace of God* (Delacorte, $5.95). Unfortunately, however, it has many defects. It is, to begin with, an autobiography—a difficult form that Carroll-Abbing has by no means mastered. He is, no doubt, a modest man, but he has written an embarrassing, anecdotal account of triumph after triumph: the way he defeats a critic on a train; the way his charm thaws stiff-backed adversaries; the way his gentle understanding overcomes all obstacles.

Unfortunately, too, the primary mood of the book is all too mawkish: American colonels are heroes, old countesses who extend dinner invitations are villains, and the world is divided into the immediately recognizable wise and kind and the equally recognizable bad and stupid—although some of these last are susceptible to persuasion when it is directed at their heads by an Irish priest.

And, as a literary point, difficulties of organization are handled with incredible casualness: transitions such as "My mind goes back to . . ." or "Strange how seemingly unimportant things can remain indelibly printed on one's memory" are made to carry a load that is far beyond their powers.

Monsignor Carroll-Abbing and his staff raise privately in the U.S. the approximately $300,000 a year it takes to support their worthy cause. This requires extensive work in the profession of public relations. The book shows the strain of that kind of effort.

—WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

Coming January 1, 1966

SR's World Travel Calendar

Elizabethan in the Round

In Search of Christopher Marlowe: A Pictorial Biography, *by A. D. Wraight and Virginia F. Stern (Vanguard. 376 pp. $12.50), presents through narrative and picture the most complete account to date of Marlowe the man and places him graphically within his age. Bernard Grebanier is the author of, among other books, "The Heart of Hamlet," "The Truth About Shylock," and "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."*

By BERNARD GREBANIER

THERE is always a great deal of profitless discussion as to whether Marlowe might not have equaled or surpassed Shakespeare had the former's life not been ended at twenty-nine by the thrust of a twelve-penny dagger. (There are, of course, even a few people who insist that he *was* Shakespeare.) But, after all, who has equaled Shakespeare? For all his formidable gifts Marlowe, unlike Shakespeare, was not particularly interested in human nature —least of all in women—and never displayed any psychological insight into the workings of character. To say this is not to disparage him. He was certainly Shakespeare's greatest predecessor in the theater and prepared the way for him; as a poet he was mightily to influence Milton (who, in turn, influenced almost all other great English poets). Paradoxically, though he is historically so important a figure in the drama, it is as a poet—one of our best and most inspired —that his immortality is assured.

During 1964 there was a profusion of publications on Shakespeare in celebration of his quadricentennial, though with the exception of a book or two (like Ivor Brown's excellent *How Shakespeare Spent the Day*) few of them made any contribution. It was perhaps inevitable that in the midst of the to-do it should have been generally overlooked that the same year was also the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Marlowe. Now in this work, already published in England, A. D. Wraight and Virginia Stern have managed to do for him in 1965 what no one did the previous year for Shakespeare—give us a brilliant, original, and highly creative work on every aspect of the writer's life. It is not only the product of the most painstaking research and thought—it has everything that the admirer or student of Marlowe could wish to have—but it is also a book beautifully conceived and exquisitely put together, the fruit of a collaboration astonishing in harmony and unity.

A teacher at Dulwich College Preparatory School (which itself has ties with Marlowe, for Dulwich College was founded by Ned Alleyn, the man who enacted his heroes on the stage), Mrs. Wraight has traced step by step her subject's life from its beginnings at Canterbury, where he was born in February 1564 the son of a cobbler, to fatal May 30, 1593, when he kept a rendezvous at Deptford with three shady rascals who had obviously well planned the death meted out to him that day. Nothing is omitted. We see him as a pupil first at the King's School in his native town; then as an Archbishop Parker scholar at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he went in 1580 and presently was able to spend suspiciously large sums of money; as a spy in the Queen's service and going abroad for that work; as the genius who came to London in 1587 and took it by storm with his *Tamburlaine*; as the third party in a duel ending in the death of the man who provoked it. We meet and get to know all we need to know about the people with whom Marlowe was involved: the Walsinghams, Tom Watson, Sir Walter Raleigh, the other members of the dangerous "School of Night," Robert Greene, Thomas Kyd, Richard Baines, and scores of others. All the documents are here: the list of scholars at the King's School and at Cambridge; the record of

—From the book.

Christopher Marlowe—"a peaceable, tranquil, and patriotic citizen"?

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Marlowe's M.A.; the Privy Council's letter to Cambridge on his behalf; a manuscript of "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" and of Raleigh's reply to it; Marlowe's manuscript of a scene from *The Massacre of Paris*; his signature; the warrant for his arrest in May 1593; the Coroner's Inquisition after his murder (this document is the famous one so dramatically unearthed forty years ago by Leslie Hotson—perhaps the most important biographical discovery of a lost record in our time); the entry in the burial register at St. Nicholas, Deptford; Richard Baines's charges of atheism against Marlowe—all these and many more are quoted in full and their originals photographed for the curious eye. Mrs. Wraight has also filled in a thousand fascinating details; *e.g.*, what Canterbury was like in Marlowe's youth and Cambridge in his student days there; the preoccupations of a spy in Elizabeth's day, Marlowe's extollers and vilifiers, etc.

Half of this wonderful book is made up of pictures, many of them cunningly chosen to fill out the poet's biography and his lines. (One of the most remarkable feats of this collaboration is to make evident what one never suspected—that Marlowe drew heavily upon familiar scenes for some of his most telling effects.) There are magnificent studies by Mrs. Stern, a free-lance photographer who is American by birth and education, of the old parts of Canterbury and its cathedral, the King's School, many places in Cambridge (including such a room as Marlowe must have had), Rheims (where he was sent as a spy), the Tower of London, Scadbury (where he lived briefly in happy seclusion until a summons to appear before the Star Chamber brought him out), and numerous other places relevant to his life or works. There are portraits of many Elizabethans, most of which will be new to the reader: Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Francis Walsingham, Lady Walsingham, Ned Alleyn, Hunsdon, Drayton, Chapman, Florio—to mention a few. There are innumerable woodcuts and maps from the period, and many scenes from modern productions of Marlowe's plays. A treasure-house, the book fascinates on every page. But nothing is more exciting than two full-page portraits of Marlowe himself, to whose appearance there was not until recently even a clue. One, found only in 1953, is of him at twenty-one. The other, the so-called "Grafton" portrait, has been in some quarters accepted as of Shakespeare; the authors establish that it is of Marlowe too, a few years later. The history of both paintings is fully recounted.

The splendid contributions to our knowledge of Marlowe begun by Hotson and continued by Brooke, Boas, Bakeless, and Norman have now been rounded out and capped by this joy of a book. If one must take exception to any facet of it, it is the authors' effort to alter our conception of Marlowe as a wild, reckless youth who threw his life away, by implying he was a peaceable, tranquil, and patriotic citizen. Not only do his works belie the attempt, but even the portraits so brilliantly proved to be his say otherwise. Look again at those eyes, ladies!

—*Culver.*

James Joyce—"a mind that sheltered angels."

The Sanctification of the Ordinary

***Re Joyce,** by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 272 pp. $5), provides clues to much that, for many readers, eludes comprehension in the work of James Joyce. A. M. Sullivan is a poet and student of Irish history.*

By A. M. SULLIVAN

"MY BOOK," writes Anthony Burgess, "does not pretend to scholarship, only to a desire to help the average reader who wants to know Joyce's work but has been scared off by the professors." The author is too modest about his scholarship. Recognizing the combination of the comic and the cosmic in Joyce, he proceeds with his self-imposed task of unraveling meaning by scrutinizing the layers of a mind that was encyclopedic in dimension. Joyce's wide-ranging intellect could revere the wisdom of St. Thomas Aquinas with its Aristotelian discipline, ape the ribald laughter of Rabelais, indulge in mockery of Catholic ritual, and play the jongleur singing his doubletalk in four or five languages.

There have been numerous explicators of Joyce, but Burgess has done what many others have failed to do, or neglected to attempt: he has defined the perimeter of Joyce's adventure in both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Some light has been shed by Padraic and Mary Colum, by Oliver St. John Gogarty, and by Henry Morton Robinson and Joseph Campbell in their examinations of the Joycean techniques; it took Burgess to place Joyce's satire in its proper orbit.

In the first chapter, "Solemnizations," he says, "His [Joyce's] prose . . . often looks odd when its intelligibility is not in doubt. It is a special kind of oddness which he shares with a poet—Gerard Manley Hopkins. These two, the renegade Catholic and the Catholic convert, the Jesuit-taught and the Jesuit teacher, have more in common than critics have been prepared to notice." That Joyce was influenced in his wrenching of diction by Hopkins's poetry Burgess denies, although he offers evidence that at times Joyce "seems to parody Hopkins." He pursues the relationship further: "There is more to it than a love of packed sentences and a dislike of hyphens. . . . Joyce talked of 'epiphanies,' Hopkins of 'inscapes'; Joyce adopted Aquinas as his philosopher, Hopkins took Duns Scotus; the one rejected the church (or thought he did), the other gave up all for it (or tried to; literature got in the way).

"Joyce, without blasphemy," continues Burgess, "saw his function as priest-like—the solemnization of drab days, and sanctification of the ordinary." I quarrel with his use of the word "blasphemy," which is harder to define either legally or canonically than "obscenity"; the courts absolved Joyce of obscenity, and God alone knows what constitutes blasphemy. Burgess stresses that there was in Joyce a Catholicism that could not be erased by verbal renunciation or by mockery, any more than a child can deny his paternity by throwing stones at his father.

Both mischief and mysticism, Burgess points out, are always in evidence behind Joyce's verbal posturing. The

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competitive tensions of a dimensional and spiritual world are central to the philosophy of his novels; "the two worlds mingle."

Although Joyce, as Burgess makes clear, was a comic poet in the loftier, classic Greek sense, did *Ulysses* begin as a hoax, as Gogarty [Buck Mulligan] once contended, then turn upon its creator and possess him? The question is partially resolved in the chapter "Ways Into the Labyrinth," in which Burgess, discussing Joyce's "epic intention," matches the characters of Dublin with their counterparts in the Homeric framework.

> Bloom is Ulysses having his little adventures in Dublin; Stephen Dedalus is Telemachus in search of his father; Molly Bloom is both the beguiling Calypso and the faithful Penelope. These identifications would be merely fanciful if there were not a more solid parallel with the *Odyssey* built into the structure of the work itself; a little study shows the parallel to be both profound and detailed.

Like many others, when reading *Ulysses* and certainly *Finnegans Wake*, I have sometimes felt rebuffed by a superior and perhaps snobbish intellect. However, if portions of *Ulysses* and much of *Finnegans Wake* still strain the reader's brain, Burgess has indicated where the clues are. Everything can be traced, verified, and justified if one is willing to probe the resources accumulated in a mind that sheltered angels, both bright-winged and cloven-hoofed.

The Japanese Screen

***The Films of Akira Kurosawa,** by Donald Richie (University of California Press. 218 pp. $11), scans the twenty-two-year career of the director of "Rashomon" and "Seven Samurai." Hollis Alpert is film critic for Saturday Review.*

By HOLLIS ALPERT

DONALD RICHIE is, without question, the most informed Western commentator on the Japanese film, and now, with *The Films of Akira Kurosawa*, he has written by far the best book on the work of a single director. The literature on films, film-making, and film personalities has been accumulating faster in the last three years than during the previous thirty; but this notable addition, it seems to me, is not only important for its vivid and authoritative critical study of one of the finest of the world's film-makers, but for its remarkably coherent approach. Mr. Richie has blended beautifully a wealth of detail that takes into account an artist's development in his medium, the personal and industry pressures that influence the choice of subject matter, and accurate, fascinating descriptions of the work itself. It would naturally help if the reader had viewed at least some of the twenty-four films made by Kurosawa during his directorial career of twenty-two years, but so completely has Mr. Richie accomplished his objectives that illumination is possible for those who have never glimpsed the movies.

Kurosawa is best known here for *Rashomon*, *Ikiru*, *Seven Samurai*, and *Yojimbo*. The first two are complex, tinged with philosophic probing and ethical concern; the latter two are in the nature of action films, their violence tempered, however, with ironic wit and savage comedy. But these four give us only a partial demonstration of Kurosawa's broad range, and *Seven Samurai* was severely edited (to only two-thirds of its original length) for showing outside Japan.

Kurosawa, who is now fifty-five, began his career in 1936 as an apprentice assistant director. He wrote several scripts, a few of which were filmed, and made his debut as a director in 1943 with *Sanshiro Sugata*, a period piece.

For that film and each of the others Mr. Richie uses several headings in his analysis. They are not always the same headings, but invariably discussed are the sources, the story, the film treatment of the story, the production, camera, characterization (including liberal sections on the acting art of Kurosawa's favorite interpreter, Toshiro Mifune), sound and music, and that most difficult of all to analyze, style. Since Kurosawa is so aware of and concerned about these varied aspects, he makes an ideal subject for a discussion of the director's art. In addition to this, Mr. Richie knows the director intimately, respects him enormously, and quotes him to great effect.

The volume, a large and handsome one, is also valuable for its generous photographic illustration, its complete filmography, and a bibliography. Incidentally, Mr. Richie has made us aware that both Kurosawa and his audience have suffered badly through the hit-or-miss release arrangements for the films. *Ikuru* and *Seven Samurai* were made more than ten years ago, and took an unconscionable time to reach us. And I couldn't help thinking how badly we need a well-endowed film institute (such as the Cinemathèque in Paris) so that the works of such as Kurosawa could be shown comprehensively in restrospective programs. Meanwhile there is this book, definitive, readable, and a virtual model for future studies in the field.

"Stray Dog"—1949

"The Throne of Blood"—1957

"Sanjuro"—1962

—Illustrations from "The Films of Akira Kurosawa."

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The Critic Alone with His Text

The Spirit of the Letter: Essays in European Literature, *by Renato Poggioli (Harvard University Press. 366 pp. $9.95), departs boldly from previous readings in the topics treated by the late, highly respected scholar of Slavic and Comparative Literature at Harvard. The most recent book by Robert J. Clements, director of Comparative Literature at New York University, is "The Poetry of Michelangelo."*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

IN ROME during 1961, a year after he had become an American citizen, Renato Poggioli seemed to miss the U.S. more than the rest of us, enthusing over its treatment of scholars and talking of projects awaiting him there. It is fitting that Harvard should issue one of these projects, a florilegium of literary essays which he published during the quarter-century after he left Florence. As he wrote in his intended preface to this volume, "Whatever their pretext or their source, these writings reflect some of the lines of work I have been pursuing since the time I chose America as my home and English as my vehicle." Fluent in Italian, English, Russian, and Polish, able to read still other tongues, Poggioli developed, as Professor Harry Levin writes in a nostalgic preface to this volume, "a style that was too much his own to be tamed by copyediting."

The sixteen essays, dealing with European and comparative literatures, make absorbing reading. They are composed with an authoritative, almost authoritarian, talent. Poggioli was less interested in integrating his ideas with those of earlier scholars and critics treating of his topics than in clearing an autonomous approach. He appends few footnotes. He attacks the text itself in a personal duello. When in 1947 he writes a general appreciation of St.-J. Perse, he pays no heed to the pioneer studies of Thibaudet, Larbaud, Hofmannsthal, Roger Caillois, Alain Bosquet, and the rest; nor does it matter to him that Saint-John has by that time replaced the short-lived St.-J. This single encounter with the text and his own vivification thereof are apparently what is implied by the book's title. For if the title is, as Levin suggests, a translation of Ortega's *Espiritu de la letra*, both derive from 2 Corinthians: "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Certainly the topics chosen by Poggioli are of enduring interest. Just when French scholars were beginning to rediscover Pascal as baroque rather than neoclassical, Poggioli countered this trend in 1947 with his piece on "Pascal's Classicism." The long essay on the Igor Tale comes most timely in the wake of Arthur Lord's summarizing book on the oral creation of epic poetry. "The Death of the Sense of Tragedy" (1946) pioneered in an area of theorizing currently much in vogue. Poggioli's essay on the anti-Fascist drama *Angelica* by Leo Ferrero (like himself an Italian exile killed in an automobile accident in the American Far West) may rescue that now unavailable allegory from extinction. Other essays of especial interest deal with Tolstoy, Pirandello, and Trotsky.

Poggioli's essays, like the man himself, were bold, energetic, incisive. But occasionally their abandonment of "the foot of the letter" may be regretted. Perhaps I can illustrate this most simply by taking three consecutive paragraphs from his essay on Dante's Francesca and Paolo, an episode subjected to more *lecturae Dantis* than others, and on which it is difficult to depart from universal readings in search for new ones. Soaring from the foot to the spirit of the letter, Poggioli overreads the text to suit his interpretations. Thus, he says of these ill-starred lovers, "Unlike their fellow-sinners, they go together." Nothing in the canto says that the other sinners do not go in couples; generations of commentators and illustrators have read it that way. Then Poggioli affirms that Dante's outcry to these lovers, "'O wearied souls,' could be applied to all the spirits in the flying crowd, so that we may easily imagine that it was accompanied by a gesture." Neither half of this premise is a necessary assumption. Then, in the same paragraph Poggioli writes, "Even here the poet follows his steadfast rule according to which the name of God is never uttered in Hell and chooses to replace that name by the vaguest possible term." The word God appears twenty-five times in the *Inferno* alone and has been uttered just before by Vergil (IV, 38).

Renato Poggioli was one of the leading literary comparatists in this country, as Harry Levin claims in his preface. Poggioli's breadth of interest and study gave him the imposing command of several literatures and periods of which the preface is justly proud. In this field of comparative literature there is a particular obligation to utilize the researches of those who have remained in the narrower vineyards. One may suppose that Poggioli might have caught some of these minor points had he lived to undertake a final revision and see the book through press. The title itself cautions us to raise our attention from the foot to the spirit of the letter. Poggioli's great merits of originality, inventiveness, and empathy, again displayed here, leave us hopeful that his other two *inedita*, a book on pastoral and one on decadence, will be as devotedly prepared and as handsomely printed.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

AT THE ROOT OF IT

It's no secret that the currant is the raisin of Corinth, or that *cole slaw* is from the Dutch for *cabbage salad—salad,* of course, stemming from the Latin word for *salt.* Now try your etymological teeth on the other comestibles listed by E. Edward Rehmus of San Francisco, who asks you to match the words in the first and third columns with their ultimate roots as translated in the second and fourth columns. For the linguistic details, consult your dictionary; meanwhile, dinner is served on page 42.

asparagus ( )	1. cow-cheese	mustard ( )	10. moss
bread ( )	2. seedy apple	omelet ( )	11. thin plate
butter ( )	3. salt	pomegranate ( )	12. sprout
celery ( )	4. milk	sausage ( )	13. brew
chowder ( )	5. worms	spice ( )	14. new wine
goulash ( )	3. kettle	steak ( )	15. shepherd
lettuce ( )	7. water of life	vermicelli ( )	16. stick
meat ( )	8. sharp wine	vinegar ( )	17. breast
mushroom ( )	9. parsley	whiskey ( )	18. assorted goods

CORRECTION: In the October 23 puzzle, "Poets Plagiarized," the fourth poet should have been Landor, not Hood.

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From the Big Lie to the Half-Truth

***Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes,** by Jacques Ellul (Knopf. 320 pp. $8.95), and **Propaganda Comes of Age,** by Michael Choukas (Public Affairs Press. 292 pp. $5), diverge in their estimates of the roles of the mass media and education as defenses against public brainwashing. John Hohenberg's next book, "The New Front Page," will be published early in 1966.*

By JOHN HOHENBERG

WHILE propaganda is being used increasingly in democratic societies, sometimes for such progressive social purposes as birth control in overpopulated countries, it remains an essentially anti-democratic force. Its least desirable effects, when used in the interest of totalitarian ideas, are by no means confined to the masses; the literate individual, even the intellectual, is a much more vulnerable target under certain circumstances than the unlettered villager or slum dweller, whose illiteracy is a partial shield. Nor can it be assumed that propaganda is always based on lies, little or big; it is most dangerous and effective when it is based on truth, although not necessarily the whole truth.

This, essentially, is the meaning of modern propaganda as it emerges from two new studies: *Propaganda Comes of Age,* by Professor Michael Choukas, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Dartmouth, and *Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes,* by Professor Jacques Ellul, author of *The Technological Society* and since 1946 professor of the history of law and of social history at the University of Bordeaux. As a one-time propagandist in the Office of Strategic Services during World War II, Professor Choukas writes in the manner of a former practitioner and includes many illustrations to document his text. Professor Ellul's work is the more academic of the two, and also the more challenging to knowledgeable students in the field.

Like other writers on propaganda, the authors of these two works disagree on a number of points, beginning with definitions and analyses. But when they consider propaganda in relation to a democratic society, they are in accord. "Modern democracy is confronted with a serious problem by the unbridled and extensive use of propaganda within its social system," writes Professor Choukas. "No other system faces such a problem, for the values and standards of no other system clash so violently with the immediate as well as the indirect effects of propagandistic activity." Professor Ellul comments on the same point: "With the help of propaganda one can do almost anything, but certainly not create the behavior of a free man or, to a lesser degree, a democratic man. A man who lives in a democratic society and who is subjected to propaganda is being drained of the democratic content itself—of the style of democratic life, understanding of others, respect for minorities, re-examination of his own opinions, absence of dogmatism. The means employed to spread democratic ideas make the citizen, psychologically, a totalitarian man."

There are, of course, defenses, and here the writers diverge in their estimates of the vulnerability of democratic man. Professor Choukas believes the schools and the mass media are reasonably stout defenses as long as they are devoted to the spread of truth and diversity. Professor Ellul concedes that the free press and the mass media in general do constitute a defense: "Where film production, the press, and radio transmission are not centrally controlled, no propaganda is possible." And while he pays his respects to education, he points out that the educated man is the first to swallow a superior propagandist's opening gambit: *i.e.,* propaganda generally has little effect. "Because he is convinced of his own superiority," Professor Ellul argues, "the intellectual is much more vulnerable than anybody else to this maneuver, even though basically a high intelligence, a broad culture, a constant exercise of the critical faculties, and full and objective information are still the best weapons against propaganda."

These studies are scholarly works, on the whole. Both are welcome additions to the literature of propaganda. They display most of the advantages of books based on scholarship, including careful documentation and thorough organization. But they also have the principal drawback of many an academic text—the ponderous use of the written word. It is a bit of a struggle to get through them, but the effort is worth making.

Psychology of the Radical Right

***The Paranoid Style in American Politics and Other Essays,** by Richard Hofstadter (Knopf. 315 pp. $5.95), sees the Radical Right as a pseudo-conservatism based on status politics. "Presidential Government: The Crucible of Leadership," by James MacGregor Burns, will be published in January.*

By JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

THE RECENT candidacies of Barry Goldwater and William Buckley have sharpened the old question: What is modern American conservatism? Does it seek to conserve such early American principles as a prudent sense of man's inherent failings, a hostility toward mass democracy and majority rule, faith in a natural aristocracy of educated and talented men? Is it the rugged individualism of the 1880s and 1920s, with its competitiveness and materialism? Is it the sheer opportunism that enables politicians like Dwight Eisenhower to continue social welfare programs even while denouncing big government? Or is it something quite different—a radical conservatism that rejects the main tenets of the old American Right?

Observing the Radical Right in the mid-1950s—the Indian winter of the McCarthy era—Richard Hofstadter remarked that the conservative leaders of the time had cut themselves off from

Richard Hofstadter—"lucidity."

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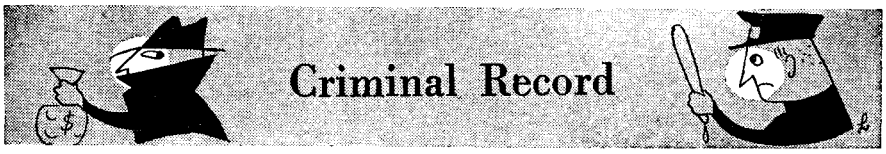
the older doctrines. The new Rightist was bitter, frustrated, paranoid. He had "little in common with the temperate and compromising spirit of true conservatism in the classical sense of the word," but expressed "a profound if largely unconscious hatred of our society."

Such pseudo-conservatism, Hofstadter concluded, seemed to stem less from ordinary calculations of social or economic self-interest than from a deep psychological malaise emerging from the rootlessness and heterogeneity of American life, from the search for status and self-identification. These psychological tendencies were especially evident among Republican WASPs, who felt they were losing status, and among largely Democratic ethnic groups who desperately wanted to gain it.

Now, after an instructive decade capped by Goldwater's crusade, Hofstadter has reconsidered some of his earlier views. He feels that he overemphasized the role of status politics, in part because he leaned too heavily on clinical findings; and that Republican WASPs had a greater, and other ethnic groups a lesser, importance in pseudo-conservatism than he had recognized. But he reaffirms his major conclusions: that pseudo-conservatives (in sharp contrast to traditional conservatives) hold a bitter, paranoid attitude toward authority; that there is a significant distinction between interest politics and status politics, and that the latter assumes more importance in prosperous times. Goldwater saw the importance of status politics, he suggests, and largely based his campaign on it.

All this Hofstadter develops in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics* with his usual imagination and lucidity. But if he is convincing as to what pseudo-conservatism is not, he is less clear as to what it is. This obscurity is in part due to the nature of the beast: its seeming lack of rational anchoring in palpable ideas and interests, and its curious ambivalence over the role of government, which can drop bombs but not expand social welfare.

The obscurity is due also to the fact that historians and political scientists, because of their own epistemological biases, have developed theories and instruments that are more effective for taking the measure of interest politics than of status politics. Hofstadter has borrowed from psychology but at some cost, as his earlier conclusions suggest; for it is difficult to apply the findings of personality and social psychology to the broader concepts of whole societies and historical eras. If, as he implies, continuing prosperity will mean continuing emphasis on status politics in America, the years ahead will be exasperating for old-fashioned conservatives and challenging for social scientists.



A Peculiar Service. *By Corey Ford. Little, Brown.* $6.75. This factual (as far as factuality is available) account of intelligence operations during the American Revolution is soundly researched, beautifully written, and utterly absorbing. The title is Nathan Hale's own definition of espionage.

Cynthia. *By H. Montgomery Hyde. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $4.95. The title of this well-told true history was the *nom de guerre* of Minneapolis-born Amy Elizabeth Thorpe (1910-1963), who, as an Allied agent, performed such feats as obtaining the naval code of the Vichy French. Author was wartime director of British intelligence in America.

Crime and the Mind: A Psychiatric Analysis of Crime and Punishment. *By Walter Bromberg, M.D. Macmillan.* $9.95. This authoritative work is an enlargement and revision of an earlier (1948) study. The author was one of three examiners of Jack Ruby before the latter's trial for the slaying of Lee Oswald in Dallas in 1963.

No Banners, No Bands: More Tales of the OSS. *By Robert Hayden Alcorn. McKay.* $4.50. This sequel to the author's *No Bugles for Spies* recounts further exploits of the wartime Office of Strategic Services (not all the narratives, alas, have happy endings). This is the real thing!

Spies Who Never Were. *By Colonel Vernon Hinchley. Dodd, Mead.* $3.95. The chief characters in this casebook existed in the popular mind as enemy agents, though their "crimes" were actually in the espionage field; author's plan permits him to add zest to such well-worn themes as Dreyfus and Burgess (*sans* Maclean); his final paper, on the Hiss case, has this closing sentence: "As a Scotsman I say without hesitation that in my native country the verdict in the strange case of Alger Hiss would have been: Not Proven."

A Chamber of Horrors, *unlocked by John Hadfield. Little, Brown.* $7.95. This "anthology of the macabre in words and pictures" is the perfect present for that delicate and wealthy aunt.

Bonded Fleming: A James Bond Omnibus. *By Ian Fleming. Viking.* $5.75. Two novels, *Thunderball* and *The Spy Who Loved Me,* and five long-shorts, all first published 1960-62, make up this bouncer.

Double Barrel. *By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Deadly pranks of anonymous letter-writer take Inspector van der Valk of Amsterdam constabulary to far corner of Holland; wife accompanies him as camouflage. Usual high-quality performance, with excellent humorous twists.

The Expendable Spy. *By Jack D. Hunter. Dutton.* $4.95. American intelligence agent, parachuted into end-of-war Reich, overshoots mark, and runs into all kinds of jams, some deadly. A corker of an espionage tale that doesn't take itself too seriously, but is not, repeat not, a spoof.

The Fourth Side of the Triangle. *By Ellery Queen. Random House.* $3.95. Father and son (ancient New York stock) fall in love with same gal; there is a murder, and the two Queens look into things. Sr. and Jr. still have the old bounce.

Murder, London-Australia. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $3.50. Supt. West of DCI (his hair is now "streaked with gray") flies Down Under to solve what look like chain-reaction killings. Fine travelogue, with zippy action.

Grave Danger. *By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Connecticut exurbanite carries out less-than-perfect wife murder; bank stickup adds to general excitement. Excellent see-all job, with spots of breezy humor.

The Unloved. *By Dolan Birkley. Crime Club.* $3.50. Pair of killings in upper-bracket Southern California community turns alcohol-fleeing author into amateur eye; a first for this writer under this alias, but take a gander at copyright page. Holds up.

Place of Judgment. *By Barbara Levy. Doubleday.* $5.95. Frenchwoman, on trial for husband's murder, finds popular sentiment arrayed against her; story is based on actual 1840 case. Fine example of period reconstruction.

The Singing Diamonds and Other Stories. *By Helen McCloy. Introduction by Brett Halliday. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. This collection by an author best known for novels (*Dance of Death,* 1938, was the first) proves that she is splendidly at home in the short-story field. There are eight here, selected by herself and serialized 1946-1963.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Alienation in Mississippi

Charles East—tender.

***Where the Music Was,** by Charles East (Harcourt, Brace & World. 180 pp. $3.95), collects fifteen stories that deal for the most part with failure to make or keep contact with anything important in life. Hassell A. Simpson is professor of English at Hampden-Sydney College.*

By HASSELL A. SIMPSON

GOOD storytellers continue to emerge from the South, and it is not always their fault that their stories invite comparison with those of William Faulkner and Eudora Welty. Like these two authors, Charles East in this collection finds his subjects in his native state and its people; like them he is at his best in treating the young and the very old; and like them he often seems transfixed by the contradictions of life in Mississippi.

Unlike Faulkner and Miss Welty, however, Mr. East has left behind the familiar, legendary State of Mississippi. He has not gone far, geographically—he lives in Baton Rouge, and his stories are set mostly in Mississippi—but spiritually he is with another Southern generation, urban and commercial, not rural and agrarian. He shares with his best characters a sense of alienation, of being cut off from significance. In this respect he does not differ greatly from his contemporaries elsewhere.

Except in a topical sense, then, it does not matter that his two policemen in "Night Watch" are on duty in a Mississippi town. What matters is that each feels bound to parrot to the other the comfortable platitudes about "niggers and their place," even while secretly avoiding unfairness to Negroes; what matters is that they must pretend to hate Negroes even though both have real reasons to love them. Each officer is afraid of the other (the older is about to retire, the younger to succeed him), so they unite in hating someone else. Discussing an old lynch case, Mr. Joe imagines that, had he been present, Toler, the youth, would "have been the one to set the torch. . . . I never could have"; while Toler thinks, "I bet you were the one who put the torch to him." Race hatred, in these terms, requires no particular place, only fear and an audience.

Although the other stories of alienation as often involve searches for place as for persons, the objective is never Mississippi or any spot in it alone, but rather *some* place where things will happen, or rest from happening. Miss Odell in "A Sunday Drive" is so old that she hardly knows the attendants at her nursing home. When anonymous relatives take her to visit her former dwelling, she is so pleased to learn that after all there is a place which she might claim that she willingly risks the loss of everything else in order to prolong the sensation. In "Where the Music Was" Ben Hadley leaves home to look for a place where things really happen. He has heard his radio saying, "This music is coming to you from the Aragon Ballroom," so he yearns to be in Chicago, "not dancing. . . . Just there where the music was." He finds, however, that after several months in that magical place he "almost knew" three persons, all equally lost and lonely, but he has never made contact even with the girl he sleeps with.

Similarly, in "Stopover" the young hobo Gar, parting with his older companion Lou, asks, "What's a good place?" But Lou replies, "I never found any. . . . I kept looking, but I never found any."

Failure to make or keep contact with anything important in this life is the subject of Mr. East's best stories. Freighted with a powerful nostalgia, they display a touching tenderness for erring humankind.

Where One and One Make One

***Journal from Ellipsia,** by Hortense Calisher (Little, Brown. 375 pp. $5.95), satirizes the tools of the physical anthropologists and the vocabulary of the space-fictionists. Elinor Baumbach is a free-lance editor and reviewer of contemporary fiction.*

By ELINOR BAUMBACH

HORTENSE CALISHER, in a brilliant comedy of other-worldly manners, has been caught by the somewhat ironic music of our spheres, the burps and belches of static-slurred signals which may, our best-informed minds agree, soon spin off into meaningful equations—equations representing real communication. "Yes, there'll be life," says her distinguished astronomer, the celebrated Sir Harry, who discovers to his dismay and delight that not only does "life" exist "Elsewhere," but that it has already infringed enormously upon himself; he has lost, it appears, not one wife but two to the call of the beyond. The octogenarian Harry, however, can live with this discovery, can even react to it with a kind of intellectual joy. It is to Jack Linhouse, one of the book's narrators, that knowledge affords more grief than pleasure. The woman he has loved, Janice Jamison, has also disappeared from the community of advanced research in which they both worked. She

Hortense Calisher—wittily wise.

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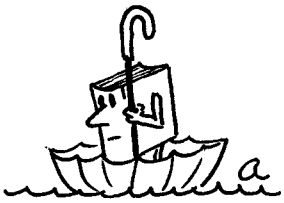
has left behind a talking book with directions for its performance before the academic community. The book, which startlingly is not really what it seems, evolves into Miss Calisher's protagonist, an oddly affecting creature from outer space, a One from a perfect planet we see only, perhaps, in our dreams, that furthest star Ellipsia.

What an artful construction Ellipsia is —a Zen star where One and One always make One, where all experience is unified, where feeling has been engineered out, where, "lacking the sharps and flats of suffering," Ones have achieved a perfect geometric form, a final, unassailable ellipse.

But all Utopias are counterfeit to the sensitive initiate. There are poets and prophets even among the ellipsoid Ones.



While mavericks on earth long for the perfection of an apotheosis into geometric abstraction, the Ellipses of the perfect Ovoid yearn for a reverse mutation leading to the life and variety of earth. As Alan Watts remarks in his *Two Hands of God*, a study of the collective unconscious which gives rise to the myth that Miss Calisher contempers in such deadly fashion, "The trouble with pure structure . . . is that it is quite dead. . . . The body, just because it is impermanent and corruptible, is the true expression of spirit." The vanished women—Janice, Rachel, Marie—cannot unify this essential polarity in a world where to them birth equals blood, child equals starve, and man correlates only to kill. They learn their geometry and mutate through vast oceans of space to stasis. Only one One who has learned heartbreakingly to be one of us is left on earth to continue his painful evolution. We leave him, at the end, to discover his growing humanity, an interior and exterior wilderness.

And so *Journey from Ellipsia* turns out not to be a space novel after all, but one of initiation; it is not for nothing that Janice is an anthropologist. The book is also a scathing satire on the tools of the "fizzicle" scientists and the pseudo-meaningful vocabulary of space-fictionists. For if Miss Calisher is not always profound, she is always rather wittily wise, and her book progresses with a style and Mack Sennett pace that make their own resonance. She creates allegory despite technology. When Eli the One wails his first human wail, we find ourselves (such is the force of the characterization) regarding him with the pride and excitement one feels for any new-born agape for experience.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology, Sociology

CLASS, KINSHIP AND POWER IN AN ECUADORIAN TOWN: The Negroes of San Lorenzo. By Norman E. Whitten, Jr. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.75.

SLAVE SOCIETY IN THE BRITISH LEEWARD ISLANDS AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Elsa V. Goveia. Yale Univ. Press. $8.50.

Archeology

INTERCONNECTIONS IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST: A Study of the Relationships Between the Arts of Egypt, the Aegean, and Western Asia. By William Stevenson Smith. Yale Univ. Press. $17.50.

Current Affairs

THE MALAGASY REPUBLIC: Madagascar Today. By Virginia Thompson and Richard Adloff. Stanford Univ. Press. $12.50.

THE SOVIET WORLD. By Luca Pietromarchi. Barnes. $8.50.

History

THE CHAMBERLAIN LETTERS. By Elizabeth Thomson. Putnam. $6.50.

EDUCATION OF A NAVY. By D. M. Schurman. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.50.

FINLAND AND THE GREAT POWERS: Memoirs of a Diplomat. By G. A. Gripenberg. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.75.

LETTERS FROM THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE. By Charles Seymour. Edited by Harold B. Whiteman, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

MISSOURI UNDER RADICAL RULE, 1865-1870. By William E. Parrish. Univ. of Missouri Press. $7.

Ideas

CHARLES PEGUY. By N. Jussem-Wilson. Hillary House. $2.50.

DE TOCQUEVILLE. By Edward T. Gargan. Hillary House. $2.50.

Miscellany

THE ART OF KARL FABERGE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By Marvin C. Ross. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $15.

THE GRAND HOTELS OF EUROPE. By Willi Frischauer. Coward-McCann. $6.

NORTH AMERICAN LANDSCAPE. By F. J. Monkhouse and A. V. Hardy. Cambridge Univ. Press. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.75.

ROMANTICISM AND AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By James Early. Barnes. $8.50.

Personal History

I WANNA GO HOME! By Hank Ketcham. McGraw-Hill. $5.

KAFU THE SCRIBBLER: The Life and Writings of Nagai Kafu (1879-1959). By Edward Seidensticker. Stanford Univ. Press. $10.

KUBOYAMA AND THE SAGA OF THE LUCKY DRAGON. Paintings by Ben Shahn. Text by Richard Hudson. Yoseloff. $5.95.

RICHARD ALDINGTON: An Intimate Portrait. Edited by Alister Kershaw and F. J. Temple. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $5.95.

Psychology

THE MENTALLY RETARDED CHILD. By Abraham Levinson. John Day. $4.50.

THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF ORGANIZATION. By Daniel Katz and Robert Kahn. John Wiley. $8.50.

Religion

A CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCH. By Bishop Leon Arthur Elchinger, Marc Boegner, and François Perroux. Newman Press. $2.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"I'd settle for just a cease-fire."

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Prickly Pairs

BY FAR the funniest show of the current Broadway season is Abe Burrows's *Cactus Flower*. Not that its jokes and its plot are at all exceptional. But in the hands of Mr. Burrows, who has directed as well as adapted this farce from a French play by Pierre Barrilet and Jean Pierre Gredy, the performers keep the goings-on at a constant high pitch of fierce hilarity.

The play begins with Toni, a twenty-one-year-old girl who has attempted to commit suicide by turning on the gas jets. But her project is foiled when the chicken dish she had prepared for the lover who didn't show up boils over and clogs the stove. So the tone is set. Everyone is going to have his most rabid plans misfire ridiculously and we are going to laugh at the discomfort. The key protagonist in the game is Toni's lover, a dentist named Julian Winsten, who has told her the lie that he is married in order to enjoy a faithful relationship without acquiring the boring obligations of marriage. Played through gritted teeth by Barry Nelson, Dr. Winsten remains so ruthless in his selfish drive to make things go his way that we can laugh unreservedly at the anguish he stirs up for himself. And equally heartless is his nurse, Stephanie, an old maid who icily undercuts everything around her and who, without trying, suddenly finds herself becoming her boss's nemesis. Lauren Bacall is superbly sadistic as she sweetly tells patients "As long as you're in pain, the doctor will see you a week from Thursday," or as she reminds the harassed doctor, "You're already running very late today." Stephanie hates herself for being an old maid, for living with her mother, and for the daily repression of her subconscious desire to marry her boss. She will give in to anything on the surface, but her inner resentment is never quite killed. When the doctor asks her to pretend to be his wife in order to satisfy Toni that he wasn't lying, this not only makes for wonderful situation comedy, but also sets up a new fantasy that acquires a power of its own.

While we can soon guess where these unleashed forces will lead, and while we don't care very much about the happiness of anyone, particularly since it is obvious that unhappiness is so much more fun to watch, we are continually delighted with the play's self-winding machinery. As in a Marx Brothers film, a desperately zany atmosphere is created in which such a silly repartee as "I'm shocked!" . . . "Why?" . . . "I'm from Philadelphia" becomes uproarious.

The penultimate scene gives Brenda Vaccaro, who plays Toni, a chance to be most amusing as she feigns a ridiculous gullibility to the dentist's patent lies. Although the play's necessary final scene seems slightly anticlimactic, what has preceded it has been so inspiredly entertaining that we hardly mind at all. *Cactus Flower* is prickly fun and you'll enjoy every ouch of it.

MARY DRAYTON's *Playroom* manages to keep everyone on the edge of his seat by the simple device of keeping us anxious about the kidnaping and projected murder of a ten-year-old girl by her stepsister and her pals. While there is a certain accuracy in Miss Drayton's portrait of today's upper-class juvenile delinquent, the play rests its case on self-defeating suspense. Although we suspect that the little girl won't be killed—for hasn't she told us that "God would not let me be killed"?—death keeps coming closer. And after it is all over, we are left with the unanswered question: "What will happen to the stepsister and her gang?" One would like to add an extra ten years to their sentences just for having put us through so much nerve-fraying nonsense.

The debate about the new regime at Lincoln Center's Drama Repertory Theater will not, it turns out, be resolved by its second presentation, *The Country Wife*. For while it constitutes an improvement over its first, *Danton's Death*, it is still some distance from being something you'd expect from a leading repertory company.

The Wycherley comedy about wit and wenching is a Restoration masterpiece that has always been difficult to bring off in the modern theater. However, the Lincoln Center company has sailed into the play with sense and skill, and what ensues is a reasonable pantomimed reading of the play.

But seldom do these actors catch the humor of the lines and situations. A principal offender is Robert Haswell as the old man trying to keep his young wife away from the rakes of London. Under Robert Symonds's direction, Mr. Haswell delivers all his responses with an even dourness and thus makes it difficult for us to enjoy his being fooled. The play's leading roles are entrusted to two young West Coast performers of good potential. Stacy Keach makes a young,

(*Continued on page* 63)

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*Three kinds of Little People described by Kevin Danaher in a recent number.

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London

Continued from page 13

art department, though, it was apparent that a space mission of some sort was to take place, that the mission involved techniques of hibernation, and that during an exploration of the surface of the moon a kind of alarm was triggered that was to alert intelligence "way out there somewhere" to the evolutionary development reached by human intelligence, able at this point to reach the moon and travel about on it. I saw designs for "hibernaculums," in which the space men would take turns for periods of suspended animation. "I tasted some synthetic foods developed by General Mills," Kubrick said. "It looked like dog biscuit and tasted exactly like ham." What he was most concerned about, though, was getting the movie to look real. We have some tricky effect stuff worked out that will get us away from the usual far-out, phoney weird look of the typical sci-fi movie. And I've been assured by the cooperating scientists that everything in it of a technological nature will be perfectly possible, if not achieved, by 2001."

While most directors and producers in London concentrate on a single project at a time, the producing twosome of Harry Saltzman and Albert (Cubby) Broccoli are expanding their London-based activities into a multiple program. Their touch has proved to be so golden in the last few years that the industry feels they can do nothing wrong. They have been offered whole studios to run and package deals of every nature, the main reason being that they are the ones who came up with the James Bond series. Saltzman had been a theatrical producer and a film producer with the Woodfall group, which made *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, among others. Broccoli, who has an Italian ancestor who developed the well-known vegetable (the name was given to the vegetable, not vice versa) was one of the first American producers to invade England, bringing with him Alan Ladd to star in *Paratrooper*, a film successful enough to prompt Columbia to base him thereafter in England.

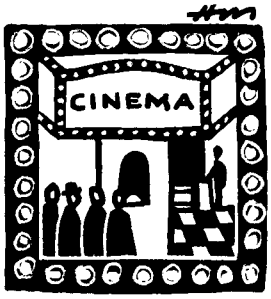
THE two came together over the Ian Fleming novels, the rights to which had become available, except for an early one called *Casino Royale*, now owned and being produced in England by Charles Feldman. Saltzman and Broccoli took the remaining novels under option and were then prepared to deal with Columbia to make the pictures. It turned out the story editor there was not acquainted with the works of Fleming, and there was not much enthusiasm for the series generally. They then went to United Artists, and, said Broccoli, "we knew something was up when we were greeted by the entire board of directors, all assembled to discuss our project." The first was *Dr. No*, made for under $1,000,000, then came *From Russia with Love*, and, after that, *Goldfinger*, which will take in more money than any film put into general (rather than roadshow) release.

"Timing was everything," Saltzman said. As it turned out, the books began to sell furiously, partly as the result of it being made known that President Kennedy read them; as it turned out, David Picker, one of the UA vice presidents, was a fan of the books, too. Nevertheless, $1,000,000 was all UA would bet on the first one. Who had ever heard of Sean Connery? "You'd be amazed how many directors turned us down on *Dr. No*," Broccoli said. "Some were insulted that we would even think of them in connection with such a project."

The budgets have gone up with each succeeding film and close to $7,000,000 has been spent for the latest, *Thunderball*, much of it for surprising underwater footage involving new technical effects. Saltzman and Broccoli get along swimmingly in other ways. "We complement each other very well," Saltzman said. "We've worked out a way of dealing together with the myriad complexities of a motion picture operation—otherwise the whole thing would be a fiasco."

"We'll have a good bash at each other now and then," Broccoli admitted. "Harry will give me hell and I'll give him hell, and somehow out of it comes a result."

Broccoli didn't agree with Saltzman, though, about the wisdom of doing *The Ipcress File*. Too close to the Bond operation, he thought. So Saltzman did it on his own. Out of the London talent pool he dredged Sidney J. Furie, a Canadian director, and Michael Caine, a young actor, and he also used for his musical score the talented John Barry, who has done the interesting music for the Bond films. Another hit. Now Broccoli and Saltzman have decided no more solo operations; they'll do everything together, bashing it out between them. *Funeral in Berlin*, with Caine, is on the agenda, and after that another Bond, and another,



and several other film projects they are currently developing. And they'll stay in London to do it. "London is the place to be," Saltzman said. "Furie has gone to Hollywood to do his new picture. Watch and see—he'll be back. He tried to talk to his star, Brando, and couldn't even get through on the phone to him."

Meanwhile, in New York, Herb Jaffe, a United Artists vice president, put it this way: "We don't consciously say to each other we want to make pictures in London, or elsewhere in Europe. But, from the company point of view, we have to go where the creative film-maker is, and a lot of them are in Europe, or want to make their films there. It certainly doesn't cost us more to do it there, and in certain cases it can cost less. On balance, there's not much question that films made in Britain—the Beatles films, Bond, *Tom Jones*, and so forth—have been the most profitable for us in the last few years. At the moment our production schedules are still leaning toward Europe. But, at the same time, it's hard to find studio space in Hollywood. There's a lot going on everywhere these days."

And London is certainly one of the places. Saltzman, Broccoli, Shenson, and others would say: *the* place.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Columns One and Three should read: 12, 13, 1, 9, 6, 15, 4, 17, 10, 14, 11, 2, 3, 18, 16, 5, 8, 7.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bernstein Marshals Mahler's Eighth

AFTER THE darkness, the dawn. After the Seventh Symphony of Mahler, with its *Nachtmusik* and other ephemera, the sunburst of sound which is the Eighth. Leonard Bernstein climaxed the first portion of his Philharmonic season with a rousing revival of the rarely performed Eighth, the first time in New York it had been attempted in its entirety since 1950. With his own recent performances of Nos. 9 and 7 coupled to the Ormandy-Philadelphia reconstruction of No. 10 within recent memory, the weeks just passed have provided a perspective of the feverish creative activity of Mahler in the last years of his life, which can rarely have been equaled anywhere at any time.

The commentary on the abundance with which this man gushed music between 1904 and his death in 1911 (while putting in a full winter's work as conductor, first in Vienna, then at the Metropolitan, and later as director of the New York Philharmonic) is contained in the reminder that, abundant as it has been, the sequence has not included the work that is universally agreed to be his masterpiece. If *Das Lied von der Erde* is not "always" with us, it does recur frequently enough to be spared on behalf of the work that precedes it philosophically as well as chronologically.

For if one thing stands out about the Eighth, whether heard "live" or studied from a recording with a score, it is that it is no isolated phenomenon but an integral part of the process by which Mahler worked out his destiny as a composer. Indeed, to call it a "symphony" is to stretch the term almost to the limits of tolerance. Each of the two massive movements that make up its totality is constantly concerned with a verbal text (the first, the hymn "Veni, creator spiritus," the second, excerpts from *Faust*, Part II, Act IV, Scene 7, ending with the solemn reminder *Alles Vergängliches/Ist nur ein Gleichnis* ("All earth comprises/Is symbol alone"). What binds the two parts together, in addition to a common mood, is a recurrence of the jagged theme of the first movement at the climax of the second, thus making a match of them in fact as well as in spirit.

Together they comprise not so much a symphony as a tonal fresco, whose equivalent of yards and yards of space (on a wall) is the hour and twenty minutes required for performance. Possibly if it had not been written with such incredible speed (the 218 pages, for orchestra, soloists, and choruses numbering altogether over 400, were poured onto paper between June and August of 1906) some of the detail would have been tighter. Probably, too, the tide of momentum that accumulates, breaker by breaker, would have slacked and receded. Between alternatives, the receptive listener will take the Eighth—when he can find it—exactly as it is, and be grateful that there has been, within living memory, a man with the intensity of impulse and the conviction of spirit to persevere in a creation of this magnitude.

Mural-like, the Eighth returns profit when considered in detail as well as in sum. Bernstein ventured the opening movement as part of the ceremonial inaugural of Philharmonic Hall in September 1962, but both his conception and the surroundings have improved since then. Now it was altogether a more musical experience, especially in the second performance on Friday afternoon, when the two sopranos (Saramae Endich and Ella Lee) had settled into the requirements of their roles. However, as those who heard the last complete performance of the Eighth here in 1950 will recall (it was also by the Philharmonic, with Stokowski conducting), the longer second movement is not only equally imposing, but also more profound. It is in this part of the mural that one can perceive, in more than sketchlike detail, the elements he enlarged, elaborated, and refined to produce the superb noonday richness of *Das Lied*, the rich afterglow of the Ninth, and the best parts of the night-shadowed Tenth.

HERE, in the framework of the *Faust* references, Mahler leaves behind the uncertainties, doubts, and intrusive digressions that mar some earlier works. He also achieves a serenity of spirit as well as a breadth of expression that brings him close to the plane of existence inhabited by those to whom he consecrated his life's effort as a conductor, Beethoven and Wagner in particular. As he strives for a conclusion worthy of the whole—in which, as is so often the case with Mahler, the grasp exceeds the reach—he pushes his contrapuntal lines to harmonic combinations of striking originality. It is no accident, in my view, that something of special effect occurs when the echoing sound of *Ewig* ("Always") takes hold of him for the first time, not to relinquish its spell until he has worked out the famous dying-away of the same word at the end of *Das Lied*.

These, then, are some of the implications that were released by this enterprise. As a performance, Bernstein's may well be the finest he has ever given. Some of the superabundant energy he brings to his work was spent (literally) in the huge effort that is required to get the bulk of the first movement off the ground and make it airborne. This was beneficial not only to the first, but also to the second, which was not pushed beyond the bounds of the sound appropriate to it. Its introspection was recreated as it had been created—with serenity of spirit and breadth of expression. He had the grace, too, not to italicize what was already underscored by Mahler, even at the climaxes where a brass choir in the audience area was added, Berlioz-like, to the engulfing sound from the stage.

Lacking any accessible evidence, it is impossible to say whether, in any of the infrequent performances of the Eighth, there has been one with a totally satisfactory group of soloists. The septet for

these five performances (a Wednesday one was added to the normal four of the subscription sequence) were well chosen within the range of reasonable accessibility. The voices were of the type required, if not always with the full range of power that was desired. In addition to the sopranos mentioned, Jennie Tourel sang many beautiful phrases in the first mezzo part and Beverly Wolff had the substance to make the other mezzo part meaningful if not always impressive. The men (George Shirley, tenor, John Boyden, baritone, and Ezio Flagello) were a little undersized, or off weight, to penetrate where I was sitting. However, they were all audible when audibility was of the essence, with an average of comprehension that was admirably high. It was, altogether, a noble endeavor valiantly achieved, in a consistent pattern for Bernstein as a musician who does best when he dares most.

The season's first resumption of last year's revival of *Samson et Dalila* at the Metropolitan showed many of its previous virtues and a modicum of its occasional liabilities. In the first category was the richly ornate scenic evocation of

(*Continued on page* 60)

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The Critics Changed Their Minds

HE WAS a maverick in American art, a painter who at best could make sparks fly, at worst was scarcely more than a hack illustrator. Painfully neglected during his life, he is little known to the general public even today, though museums are paying high prices for his rarely available canvases. John Quidor is an artist easy to overlook. His few remaining paintings are relatively small, often seriously darkened by age, and on first glance may seem trivial. Yet further acquaintance establishes him as an authentic original who made other nineteenth-century American genre painters—such popular figures as William Sidney Mount and Eastman Johnson—look tame.

The story of Quidor is romantic. Entirely forgotten after his death in 1881 at the age of eighty, he was rediscovered in 1942 by John Baur, then curator of painting at the Brooklyn Museum. Appropriately it is again Mr. Baur (now associate director of the Whitney Museum of American Art) who has written an excellent introduction to the catalogue accompanying an important Quidor exhibition currently on view at and organized by the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, New York.

Strongly identified with the history of New York State, the artist was more than a clever illustrator, though he frankly borrowed his themes from Washington Irving. If most of his best works come from this source, they at least always bear the imprint of the painter's own wild exuberance. It is his sometimes wispy, sometimes tension-charged line that sets him apart as an artist and keeps his storytelling pictures from becoming mere adjuncts to literature. He was his own man—eccentric, bawdy, pungent. While certain canvases may seem tedious (witness the one religious painting in the show), others explode with vitality. When caustic irony guided his brush, he discarded the overexplicit genre technique that occupied his more popular contemporaries, a fact that perhaps explains his lack of public support.

Because his pictures were not in demand, Quidor made his living painting banners and fire-engine backs. Better known during his life as a folk artist, since his death he has graduated into a "fine artist." Considering how recently he died, this complete critical reversal is an interesting commentary on America's swiftly shifting art tastes. Very few of Quidor's paintings remain; only about thirty have been definitely located, though forty-five are recorded. It is a pity that none of his original banners or fire-engine decorations survive.

Quidor was at once too tempestuous and too earthy for Victorian America. Take, for example, the uninhibited scene of *Antony Van Corlear Brought into the Presence of Peter Stuyvesant*, a painting inspired by a specific passage from Washington Irving. The picture breaks loose from any set text to become an agitated composition with figures deftly deployed in space. It is neither illustration nor caricature, though it verges on both. Instead, it is a splendid baroque intermingling of dramatic personalities so interrelated as to force our eyes step by step to the rear of a rectangular room and finally out the window. For Quidor, depth was not merely a theatrical backdrop but a lively piercing of space. Light filters across the interior, recalling certain Dutch seventeenth-century Little Masters whose work the artist might have seen reproduced in popular engravings. The scene, vibrant with movement and light, is dependent on expert draftsmanship. Notice how the two heavy foreground figures are depicted with solid contours, the frenetic Negro and old man with nervous staccato lines. Here, content directed technique. The painting is noisy and raucous, electric with interconnecting currents.

Quidor seems to have gloried in the deliberate bad taste that gave native American art much of its unique flavor. Certainly it is not this country's cautious nineteenth-century painters we remember with pride. It is more often the extremists. And Quidor was an extremist, a painter who lampooned his own period with buoyant energy. His special brand of obsessive mockery exposed human foibles of all kinds and all times.

Occasionally he could become a mystic. In *The Money Diggers* a tree gesticulates with human overtones. Sheer terror is communicated less by caricature than by the symbolism of an eerie landscape reminiscent of the romantic German painter Caspar David Friedrich (whose sophisticated work Quidor was not likely to have known). Though *The Money Diggers* again derives from Washington Irving, this time from his *Tales of a Traveller*, it is a picture that needs no literary support. Flickering with light, the night landscape is touched by a poetry that even the exaggerated figures cannot destroy. One might wish, however, that in this case the human element had been omitted, for a tendency toward overemphasis at times makes Quidor's work too obvious. And yet, as a rule, he was technically advanced beyond his period. (It is thought he stopped painting in 1867, fourteen years before he died.) The transparency of his pigment, the masterly use of line and space, the daring thrusts of his moving figures were all rarities in early nineteenth-century American art.

The Quidor exhibition, now in Utica, originally opened at New York's Whitney Museum and will later travel to Rochester and Albany. Sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts, this show gives evidence of that organization's determined emphasis on decentralization. Under its auspices, exhibitions that otherwise might not have been organized are circulated throughout the state. According to the director, John Hightower, "The Council is interested in reassessing earlier lesser-known but important New York State artists." To have backed the Quidor show is to have performed a valuable service, for this offbeat and none too familiar painter is an artist of stature and a provocative figure in New York's history. I would imagine that the exhibition will have more impact in upstate New York than in Manhattan, for the smaller cities are less surfeited with art and less dependent on eye-shattering novelties.

—KATHARINE KUH.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1168

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1168 will be found in the next issue.

BNDCYHMF LHM DFFTBMFG

LFY CTJM RVUGDBM; ZNDCM

STUG TA VU LHM ZDBOMY LFY

FLGVHLCCW EHMAMH SMHBW.

Q. O. BNMUGMHGTF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1167

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with use.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

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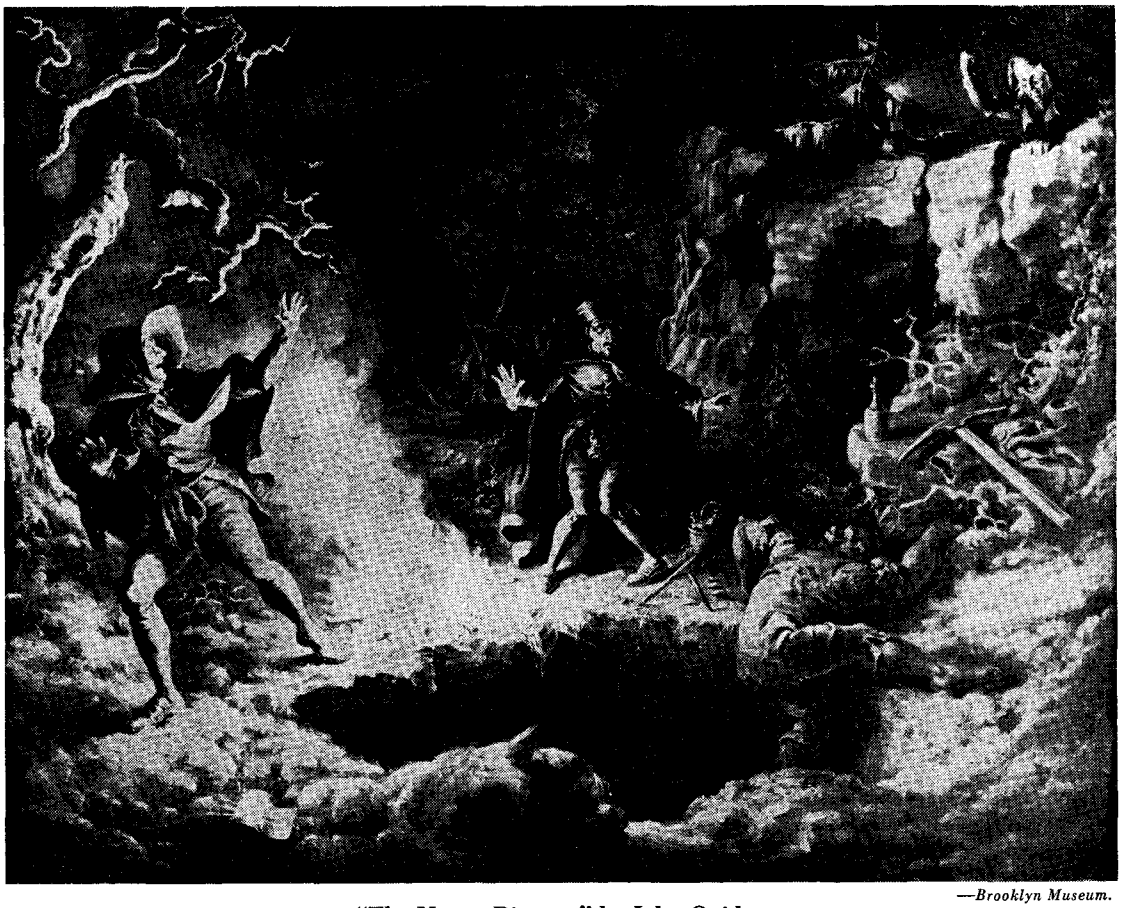

—*Brooklyn Museum.*

"The Money Diggers," by John Quidor.

—*Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute.*

"Antony Van Corlear Brought into the Presence of Peter Stuyvesant," by John Quidor.

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When a soprano hits high D, it's unusual.

*When a tenor hits high D, it's Nicolai Gedda.**

Nicolai Gedda's vocal range alone is enough to set him apart. But his repertory is equally prodigious: more than 75 operas—in six languages! He has triumphed everywhere from La Scala to the Met, and he's even been appointed singer to the Royal Court of King Gustav VI of Sweden. Today, about the only tenor Nicolai Gedda can be compared to is Nicolai Gedda. Make the comparison yourself. Listen to his newest album, Favorite Encores. Or enjoy his musicianship in any of these magnificent works.

*One great high D is in the aria from Le Postillon de Longjumeau in the French Arias album.

Angel

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Rossini's *Cinderella* (Metropolitan National Company)—"overbusy, overstaged and overpretty Christmas pantomime" (top, left, Mary Beth Peil, Julian Patrick, Arnold Voketaitis; bottom, left, Norman Paige, Sylvia Friederich, Ellen Berse).

THE GERM AND THE VIRUS

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

SINCE OPERA emerged as a public entertainment in the seventeenth century it has been sick. Its frightening variety of ailments has included successful intentions to make music wholly subservient to text, equally successful attempts to sink text in a sea of instrumental sound, the licensing of highly trained, agile singers to improvise their way to prominence, and supine acceptance of singing actors who do not (and do not know how to) act. The chronic disease from which operatic presentation suffers at present is by no means the least alarming. It has been caused by one germ and one virus. The very widely diffused germ, which seems to have spread from Germany, weakens ethical and moral fiber and incites reckless disregard for librettists and composers who are dead. The more insidious virus, which appears to be non-filterable, leads to edema of power and ego among editors, producers, and stage directors. Both germ and virus attack tragic opera as well as comic, but the chief victims have been Italian comic operas of the first half of the nineteenth century. How very sick the victims become was demonstrated recently by an announcement from the University of Southern California.

That preposterous announcement reads: "The American premiere of the Gunther Rennert version of Rossini's *Love on Trial* will be presented by the Opera Theater of the University of Southern California School of Music on Dec. 3, 5, and 12 in Bovard Auditorium." Now, Rossini never composed an opera called *Love on Trial;* this turns out to be *La Pietra del paragone*, of which a serviceable translation would be *The Touchstone*—obviously, as a title, not as much of a come-on as *Love on Trial*. But why a "version" of a delicious spoof that ran up fifty-three performances during its first season (1812) at La Scala in Milan, then a city of perhaps 300,000 people; returned there ten years later for another thirty-seven singings; was staged within a few decades all over Europe and even in Mexico City; and has had rewarding revivals in its original form in recent years, most notably at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino in 1952 and at the Piccola Scala, Milan, in 1959? Why, and above all in a school of music, a "version" by a German whose Procrustean treatment of the defenseless dead is well known? Would the University of Southern California sponsor a translated version of, say, a Sheridan play as rearranged and rewritten by Günter Grass? It would not. But it now adds the contribution of its school of music to the deleterious notion that neither the librettists nor the composers of the very operas now found (for what reasons?) worthy of revival

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really knew their trades. Equally, it adds weight to the proposition that such operas must be revised, edited, rearranged, and in fact distorted if they are to be given "appeal" for twentieth-century audiences. In places where any tampering with a Bach cantata, a Mozart symphony, or even a Rachmaninoff concerto would be denounced as unscholarly, is no voice raised against a rape of Rossini and his admirable librettist, Luigi Romanelli?

The day of the overtopping virtuoso conductor having waned ("Karajan's Wagner" may be the last survivor of the day of "Toscanini's *Falstaff*" and "Furtwängler's *Fidelio*"), we now get Gunther Rennert's This, Franco Zeffirelli's That, Wieland or Wolfgang Wagner's Those, and Cecil Beaton's The Other. And in the morass of editing, rearranging, and general disrespect for the document, the audience, all unsuspecting, cannot even depend upon a Pure Libretto and Text Act resembling the familiar laws aimed at protecting us from falsified food and drink. To name one flagrant case, the Metropolitan Opera really should not say, performance after performance, that it is offering Verdi's *La Forza del destino* when in fact it presents a "version" of that opera which omits a whole scene (including the renowned "Rataplan") and leaves reduced characters without their *raisons d'être*. Perhaps *La Forza* as Piave and Verdi created it falls short of operatic unity. If that is so, then ought not all effort be directed toward discovering ways to present the opera, its limitations included, as well as possible rather than on ways of making it into a reduced shadow of itself? One does not wish to belabor the Metropolitan, but its prominence attracts attention. To present *The Queen of Spades* in a version that is drastically cut and deprives even the first scene of the atmosphere and contrast that Modest Tchaikovsky as librettist and his brother as composer carefully put into it is to give audiences a false premise on which to build wrong opinions about Tchaikovsky as a composer of opera. Yet that is exactly what the Metropolitan is doing this season.

What has been made of Rossini's funny, biting, and masterly *La Cenerentola* in a Gunther Rennert "version" in which the episodes of magic which the composer and his expert librettist, Jacopo Ferretti, removed have been restored; in which Cinderella's slipper—which, for good reasons of their own, Ferretti and Rossini had changed to a bracelet—has been brought back and exploited for broad farcical effect; in which the English text sung does not even attempt to be an accurate translation of Ferretti's acerb and witty original; in which the character of Alidoro has been transmogrified into a sort of TV master of ceremonies; and in the program for which (at least in the acoustic miasma of the New York State Theater) one read: "Electric harpsichord by Allen Organ Co."? What the Metropolitan Opera National Company has made of *La Cenerentola* is a terribly overbusy, overstaged, and overpretty Christmas pantomime for wise children.

—*Louis Melancon.*

"Driving the indoors—outdoors" (Scene II, Act I of Esteban Frances's *Ernani* at the Metropolitan).

But if a Christmas pantomime was needed, why bastardize Ferretti and Rossini? Why not, instead, commission a *Cinderella* from Gian-Carlo Menotti or Morton Gould? Certainly the audiences who see and hear this *Cinderella* may enjoy Beni Montresor's active and pretty sets and costumes, some of Rossini's tunes, and the terribly overdone, supposedly comic busyness of characters who endlessly run about the stage and up and down steps. But what they are seeing and hearing is not the Ferretti-Rossini opera, one of the small handful of really effective *opere buffe*. (Another question is whether a young, insufficiently trained singer, however charming and however endowed with the basis for a good vocal equipment, should be asked to sing under Metropolitan auspices a role that asks for a Giulietta Simionato or at least a Teresa Berganza—and, even more, whether, as in New York, any opera troupe should be allowed to sing in a theater totally unsuited to opera, a cavern that drinks up sound as a blotter absorbs moisture.)

But one runs the risk of being called by an epithet that, curiously, has come to be always pejorative: purist. Which does not alter one's belief that the only way to stage opera is to set out with full respect for the document, in so far as that document can be determined; and to go on from the document to staging, costuming, singing, and instrumental playing as close as possible under contemporary circumstances to those originally intended by librettist and composer. Adjustments of several sorts may be inevitable. But the *aim* should be to keep them minimal.

Thus, when the excellent libretto by Felice Romani for Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'amore* specifies that Dottore Dulcamara is to arrive "standing on top of a gilded car, with leaflets and bottles in his hands," that is the way he should arrive, not (as in the Metropolitan's pervasively unidiomatic production) in a Jules Verne balloon. Donizetti's *opera buffa* is not, to use a borrowed pun, an *opera boffa;* it is a simple rural idyll full of melodic and harmonic sweetness, with Dulcamara supplying patches of contrast by nonsense and pomposity. *L'Elisir* cannot be made into "grand opera" or a smasher; it can only be denatured by filling the stage with exaggerated buffoonery and distracting business. Has the stage director labored to understand the inherent style of the libretto and the music and then taught his singing actors how to recreate that style? Evidently not. In an operatic era blessed unpredictably with a number of mistresses of *bel canto* (though, unhappily, not so generously with their male counterparts), those who stage the Italian operas of the first half of the nine-

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teenth century should be held to account. Do their productions offer textually accurate performances wholly aimed at conveying to audiences the very qualities that have made those operas worth reviving at all? If they do not, they are selling debased goods. No comparisons of artistic value or eternal quality are intended by a statement—which ought to be a truism—that an opera by Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, or Verdi deserves the scholarly respect and integral and idiomatic performance that musicians everywhere have come to accord unquestioningly to the principal orchestral and other instrumental works of the past.

If we are to extract from Rossini's *La Pietra del paragone* or Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'amore* or Bellini's *La Sonnambula* or Verdi's *La Forza del destino* the excellences that reside in them all, we must first of all believe in them and not see them as mere frameworks on which to hang the cleverness of editors, arrangers, scene painters, costume designers, translators, or even conductors. Except for the translators, all of those people are sometimes necessary and some of them are always so. But their positions are by any measure of good artistic sense those of servants to the librettist and the composer. Just as "singers' opera" gave way to "conductors' opera," more recently the latter has given way to "stage designers' opera." At the Metropolitan, this last has broken out in such absurdities as driving the outdoors indoors (last scene of *Carmen*) and the indoors outdoors (Act I, Scene II of *Ernani*) and making a reception room into a public place (last scene of *Eugene Onegin*). Now the sickness is in the phase of "editors' and stage directors' opera," in which any change from the text is declared desirable as long as it does not repeat an earlier change. Prophylaxis and hygiene, both physical and mental, are required. It is time that opera be returned to those who created it, the librettist and the composer. Not that mere fidelity would end the long list of opera's ailments: some new form of the eternal malady doubtless is hatching even now in the managers' offices.

If opera is to be saved from the germ and the virus mentioned earlier, everyone involved in producing it must be forced back to the status of aides to its original creators. For it is clear now that when the "producers" of opera become its masters, opera becomes as enfeebled as the productions of the greatest English dramas were enfeebled when a Nahum Tate or a Thomas Bowdler "remade" Shakespeare in his own smaller image. That Tate's and Bowdler's "versions" were popular no longer is considered a sufficient defense of them. Let us not forget *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Music from the Cantons

FORTY YEARS AGO Americans sang an insipid, sibilant little ditty:

> I miss my Swiss!
> My Swiss Miss misses me!

Today anyone missing his Swiss may not be ruing a Miss, cheese, watch, or yodel. Music is now a Swiss commodity of growing importance. The Swiss, like many other Europeans, translate musical culture in terms of creativity rather than in the shortsighted American term of "the performing arts." An impressive anthology of discs, containing 140 works by more than 100 Swiss composers, has been issued by the Association for the Promotion of Swiss Music. This is an excellent, superbly recorded series, and is available through the Swiss Music Library, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, at $100 for the lot, $75 for 20, or singly at $4.50.

The works range from ninth-century plainsong of the St. Gallen Monastery to examples of the Swiss avant-garde. To look for any definite characteristic of Swiss style in the music seems absurd, although an accompanying statement proclaims that, despite the variety of cultural influences in Switzerland, there has developed "what could be called a Swiss school of music, whose characteristics can easily be singled out in spite of differences in language, race, and religion."

To us, this is of little importance. That there is a body of music, unprobed and fresh, to be had for the playing is of greater value. The early music, like that all about it, has charm but little distinction. Sampling the wares, we can easily be beguiled by a quite Mozartian military symphony by an unknown (at least to me) Xaver Schnyder von Wartensee, born in 1786. Musical formulae are tossed about as dextrously as Haydn and Mozart did at their classical best, and the work might well be programed widely to the delight of concert audiences who like their music old, safe, comfortable, and familiar; for it has the latter virtue at first hearing plus an agreeable freshness. Coupled with it are five songs by Theodor Frölich (1803-36) that are truly Schubertian, and they are superbly sung by Ernst Häfliger; these are a positive joy.

Heinrich Sutermeister—"reputation as a brilliant dramatic composer."

Surely one of the best known to American audiences is composer Frank Martin, whose forty-five-minute cantata, *In Terra Pax*, written in 1944 during the troubled days of World War II, constitutes one of the most rewarding discs. Works of faith are not too common today, and Martin's is one of deep ecclesiastical conviction. A far cry from the austerities of the Geneva Psalter, it is rather a fundamentally diatonic, quasi-dramatic work that soars with many of the best of his nineteenth-century predecessors. Born in 1890, he carries his immediate musical past graciously and achieves within his compass exactly what he intends. He evokes moments of peace that are welcome in a chaotic world. The cantata is superbly performed by a fine group of soloists and choirs, plus the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, conducted by Martin's long-time champion, Ernest Ansermet.

The inclusion of works by two men who are known primarily for activities other than composition are of peculiar interest. They are compositions by Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Emile Jacques-Dalcroze. Unlike Satie, who achieved simplicity, Rousseau came by it quite naturally, and his music has both intrinsic and historical interest. Jacques-Dalcroze (1865-1950) is known best for his studies and theories of rhythmic gymnastics, which have had international influence—something that his music surely could never have achieved. Yet his *Caprices and Novelettes* for violin, cello, and piano have blandly agreeable melodies and a pleasant lilt.

Of greater interest is the discovery of

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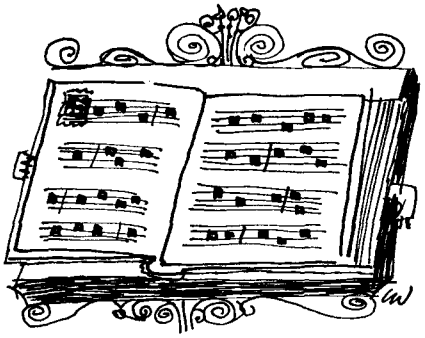
Gustav Weber (1845-87), whose *Idyllen* Op. 7 (Nos. 2 and 3) and *Klavierstücke* Op. 9 (Nos. 1, 3, 4) are brilliantly played by pianist Rudolf am Bach. These are fine piano works of Brahmsian flavor that are well worth exploration. The ghost of Schumann also hovers over them benevolently, but even more so over the *Piano Quartet* of Hans Huber (1852-1921). It is as well made as a Swiss watch and every bit as admirable. It has, too, a fine poetic, pastoral quality that gives aptness to its subtitle, "Waldlieder." A prolific composer of five operas, eight symphonies, and numerous chamber and vocal works, he is scarcely known outside of Switzerland, where he is held in considerable esteem. One of his students was Hermann Suter (1870-1926), whose *Symphony in D Minor* Op. 17 covers two sides of a record. Unlike his prolific teacher, Suter left a small but distinguished collection of works. His four-movement symphony, completed in 1914, was dedicated to the faculty of the University of Basel, from which he had received an honorary degree the previous year. It is a broad, rich, romantic work that echoes Strauss, Mahler, Bruckner, and even the now forgotten Joachim Raff, with a dash of Wagner. This is no mere curiosity. It is a masterfully written work that deserves to be played along with those of his more famous colleagues, for it is truly a fine example of the music of an ending era.

But even more impressive is the intensely moving *Mass* Op. 85 by Willy Burkhard (1900-1955), which employs soloists, choir, and orchestra. In the early Fifties, Burkhard visited America for the first time and won many friends and admirers. His work then seemed about to catch on. A few of his works have previously been recorded and one, his *Toccata for Four Wind Instruments, Percussion, and String Orchestra*, recorded by Paul Sacher, enjoyed a brief popularity here. Burkhard's is one of the finest examples of twentieth-century treatment of the Mass. I find it such a poignantly moving work that analytical consideration of the means he employed are irrelevant. It is enough to note that Burkhard was able to use today's musical devices and practices and evoke a spirit of timeless religiosity.

A fifty-minute-long, four-movement *String Quartet* by Friedrich Klose (1862-1942) leans heavily on Bruckner, with whom Klose studied. This is an attractive period piece. Its warmer melodic sections are laden with a Germanic spirit and, while no surprises occur in the music, it is surprising that it should be so totally unknown.

Five unpretentious works by as many composers are grouped together on an especially fine disc. A poetic and touching three-movement *String Quartet* by Armin Schibler (b. 1920) is but slightly longer than one movement of the Klose *Quartet* and many times more rewarding. With it is a witty *Concerto for Wind Quintet* by Robert Blum (b. 1900) and four lyrical dodecaphonic settings of *Chinese Love Songs* by Rolf Liebermann. Now the successful director of the Hamburg Opera, Liebermann has little time for composition, and for that we are losers. These brief songs have a natural and intriguing flow and happily never call on any obvious *chinoiserie*. While Walther Geiser's (b. 1897) *Sonata for Solo Flute* is ten minutes and forty seconds worth of nothing, a *Suite for Woodwind Trio* by Rudolf Moser (1892-1960) happily picks up interest.

FRANKLY, I have never before heard a note by Andre-Francois Marescotti (b. 1902), Henri Gagnebin (b. 1886), and Alphonse Roy (b. 1906). World-shaking they are not, but who needs to shake a world? They contribute competent orchestral works that might be performed frequently in Switzerland but should never be encouraged to venture abroad. All three works seem to get off to a good start, then bog down in their development. Gagnebin adds some refreshing quasi-medieval tilts to his *Huguenot Psalms*, but the refreshment is merely minutes deep.

Paul Müller (b. 1898) and Conrad Beck (b. 1901) have both won international attention; both deserve it. Müller's *Concerto for Viola and Small Orchestra* is a tastefully fashioned neoclassic work in four movements: *Entrata, Duetto, Passacaglia,* and *Alla Giga.* He has an affinity for the balance and order of early music and is skilful in so handling his material as to avoid banality. Conrad Beck, too, is a man with a well-ordered mind. His *Aneas Silvius-Symphonie*, however, may look better on the printed page than it seems when translated into sound. It is a labored work that fails to live up to its pretensions.

Rudolf Kelterborn (b. 1931), Constantin Regamey (b. 1907), and Edward Staempfli (b. 1908) are represented by well-chosen works. Kelterborn is certainly going to make a mark. His *Metamorphosis for Large Orchestra* is a brilliant handling of twelve-tone material in all sorts of permutations. He is capable of whipping up quite a storm. Polish-born Regamey, who settled in Switzerland in 1944, is essentially self-taught and writes with more skill than individuality. His *Five Etudes* for soprano and orchestra was written for the Donaueschingen Festival of 1955. Staempfli's *Ornamente for Two Flutes, Celeste, and Percussion* is a delightful mélange of tootling, tinkling, clucking, and clanging sounds all based on a twelve-tone row. This seven-minute work for four players is a natural for the new type of concert that is becoming increasingly popular.

A one-act opera, *The Black Spider* by Heinrich Sutermeister (b. 1911), serves to introduce a man who has eight or more operas to his credit – operas frequently performed in Europe. Unlike many of his younger colleagues, Sutermeister is primarily a diatonic composer, as one might expect of a pupil of Orff. And, like Orff, he has built sonorities and rhythmic patterns on the simplest of formulas. In Europe he has built up a reputation as a brilliant dramatic composer. *The Black Spider,* which was originally written for radio broadcasts, has since been adapted for the stage. Fortunately, Sutermeister avoids the insistence so characteristic of Orff, and his work is decidedly more varied. The piece is frankly intriguing.

The roster of composers utterly new to us becomes staggering, and even more so as one perceives the high quality of most of this music. There are attractive vocal works by Hermann Haller (b. 1914), Roger Vuataz (b. 1898), and Richard Sturzenegger (b. 1905). Peter Mieg (b. 1906), who is known here as a musicologist and author of articles on Swiss composers, appears as the proud composer of a finely crafted *Toccata–Arioso and Gigue for String Orchestra.* Less conventional is the string writing of Alfred Keller (b. 1907), which reminds one of the work of Wallingford Riegger, and that of Jacques Wildberger (b. 1922), whose *Music for Twenty-two Solo Strings* is a *tour de force* but, like so many recent post-Webern serial works, lacks individuality.

There are still other young composers to discover and watch: Heinz Holliger (b. 1939), for instance, and Jürg Wyttenbach (b. 1935), who has written three commendable *Pieces for Oboe, Harp and Piano.* I have purposely omitted reference to two of Switzerland's most outstanding musicians, Honegger and Bloch. Both are abundantly represented by works available elsewhere and hence do not conform to the scope of this review.

The real wonder of this series is that such a minute country could provide so many composers and such a bulk of fine music. This Swiss we should not miss!

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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Hoffmann's "Tales" Retold

FROM THE BEGINNING of its career, Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* has served as tempting prey not only for the grand mortuary specialist, Ernest Guiraud (composer of the recitatives for Bizet's *Carmen*), who orchestrated the manuscript score after Offenbach's death, but also for numerous *régisseurs*, scenic designers, and casting directors. The fantasy elements in the libretto have induced, quite naturally, all sorts of elaborate stage pictures, while the presence of four heroines, four villains, and four grotesques in Hoffmann's life—encompassing three acts, a prologue, and epilogue—has sparked much speculative casting.

All four villains share the same musical motive—a bit of orchestral *diablerie*—which acts as a unifying architectural force. One of them, Dappertutto, in the Venetian scene, follows the baritone high road (although his aria, "Scintille, diamant," is often transposed downward in performance). The others stay comfortably within the basso cantante range and may be sung by a single protean performer. It makes little dramatic sense, however, for the same artist— no matter how gifted—to take over two or three of the parts and leave Dappertutto to somebody else. All or one would seem to be the reasonable procedure.

The four grotesques offer no such problem. They may be played effectively by any character tenor who knows his business. As for the ladies (a more complex order): Olympia is a coloratura, Giulietta a dramatic, Antonia a lyric soprano, Stella a walk-on. I have memories of a Metropolitan *Hoffmann* with Lawrence Tibbett singing all four villains remarkably well, and Vina Bovy, a Belgian soprano, successfully encompassing the women in Hoffmann's life. Yet the *sine qua non* of any *Hoffmann* is a first-class singing actor in the title role. In the Tibbett-Bovy performance of many years ago, the late René Maison excelled as the hero; and in quite a different way, singing with a vocal splendor and stylistic elegance of his own, Nicolai Gedda brings enormous distinction to the new recording of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* issued by Angel (mono, CLX 3667, $15.39; stereo, SCLX-3667, $18.39).

The second asset of this album is the conductor, André Cluytens, who directs the Conservatoire orchestra with precision plus a probing sense of theater. The playing is crisp, the concept congenial. Very good, too, is the sound of the recording itself.

From there on, controversy reigns. The four villains have been pieced out among three different performers: George London as Coppélius and Dr. Miracle, Ernest Blanc as Dappertutto, and Nikola Guiselev in the part of Lindorf. It is Mr. Guiselev who makes the strongest impression. His voice is clear and "forward"—one of the essentials in the singing of French opera—his command of the drama is well marked. Mr. Blanc's high baritone carries off the music of Dappertutto with ease but conveys, aside from a few ringing top notes, little that is really of theatrical interest. Mr. London captures the malevolent humor of the doll-maker, Coppélius, building a characterization that ranks among the best in the set; but his Dr. Miracle lacks the pointed Gallic sound that is necessary for its best effect.

Jacques Loreau does ably enough as the four grotesques, and a superb supporting cast throws into high relief such ordinarily not attention-getting roles as Luther, Hermann, and Nathanaël of the prologue; Spalanzani, Schlemil and Crespel of the drama itself. The ensemble is truly brilliant.

The work has been recorded with only a few cuts; and one is grateful to Angel for having retained the original ending in which the Muse (a spoken part) appears to Hoffmann, consoles him for his unsuccessful liaisons, reveals that she alone is his true love—whereupon he sings a reprise of that beautiful melody first addressed to the Venetian courtesan, Giulietta, and now—capped by a blazing B flat that brings the opera to its musical and dramatic climax—dedicated to the Muse. Years before the work of Proust and a literary examination of the human impulse, this score of Offenbach had put its finger on the love pattern of a poet too deeply touched with sensitivity. And it went further, on a subjective but highly interesting limb, to argue that such a one who fails in love has often been favored, even courted by an all-protecting Muse. To omit this episode, as is so often done in the opera house, is to distort unpardonably the spirit of the work.

E. T. A. Hoffmann (from the Angel brochure).

Here, Angel, by restoring these pages, has done the desirable thing, but it has also taken a less gratifying step in the recasting of Nicklausse, traditionally a mezzo-soprano or "trouser" role, as a baritone. The part is currently taken by Jean-Christophe Benoit, whose voice at both the high and low extremities is not equipped to cope with the music (in fact, Nicklausse's little song in the Olympia episode has been transposed down a whole tone for the singer, with results not worth the trouble). Siebel, Stéphano, Frédérique, Octavian are all mezzo-sopranos for a reason. There is no gain in musical vividness or dramatic illusion by transliterating their parts for tenor or baritone. On the contrary, much is lost. And in this edition of *Hoffmann*, the absurd has been courted by replacing a baritone Nicklausse in the "Barcarolle" with a just-in-for-the-number mezzo-soprano.

Of the soprano leads, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf offers an unexpectedly idiomatic Giulietta, singing in excellent French and (except for some strained top tones in the ensemble that ends the Venetian scene) luminous vocal style. Gianna D'Angelo is a routine Olympia, capable rather than dazzling; while Victoria de los Angeles, an artist of taste and imagination, is rather uncomfortable vocally as Antonia. She does make the climactic C sharp at the end of the big scene with Dr. Miracle . . . but other high-lying phrases find her ill at ease; and if my ears may be trusted (there is no more concrete evidence), it would seem as if—at the moment when Dr. Miracle, taking the pulse of Antonia *in absentia*, commands her to sing and the poor girl, in her bedroom offstage, soars from a trilled A to a D at the summit—it wasn't really Miss de los Angeles at all who rang up this altitudinous phrase. There are three Angels involved in the new *Hoffmann*: the record company itself; Gianna; and Victoria. My antennae (are they reliable?) sent word that while Angel No. 3 was supposed to be making with a high D offstage, No. 2 was batting in her place. Or, in any event, the recorded sound gave that impression.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Recordings in Review

Boulez on *Le Sacre*

STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du Printemps, Four Etudes. Pierre Boulez conducting the Orchestre National de la Radio-Television Française.* Nonesuch mono 1093, $2.50; stereo H-71093, $2.50.

Those who regard records as something more than a passing diversion will also see in this issue something more than another recording of *Le Sacre* to amend the thirteen currently listed in Schwann. It is the first that offers the views of a current Young Turk on the work of another day's Young Turk, while the innovator of it all is still alive. We could wish Boulez nothing better than that he, too, should survive to hear a work of his own recorded nearly fifty-five years after it was composed.

What is of the greatest interest, musically, is that Boulez treats the work like a classic, something with which he has an objective rather than subjective identification. That is to say, he plays it for texture rather than content, clarifying all the inner voices (like Karajan doing Brahms), bringing light to bear on all the "dark" passages of the score, otherwise inspecting, examining, and then exhibiting, rather than experiencing, it. It is merely the latest reminder —though a singularly arresting one—that every "novelty" has within it the seeds of a chestnut: provided the seeds take root and really flower.

In addition to making a graphic, explicit statement of its architechtonics, Boulez inclines to faster-than-previous tempi, by the measure (including others) of the composer himself. It is also the only one known to me to which the sponsoring company has seen fit to add an "encore." The Etudes are also performed with an impressive comprehension of the internal workings of the musical mind that created them. The disc is the most compelling demonstration to date that whatever future Boulez may have as a composer, he is assuredly a conductor of resource, independence of mind, and strong interpretive personality.

—*Ingi.*

Pierre Boulez—"graphic, explicit statement."

Moussorgsky's "*Macabres*"

MOUSSORGSKY: *Songs and Dances of Death.* BRAHMS: *Vier Ernste Gesänge. George London, bass-baritone, with Leo Taubman, piano.* Columbia mono ML 6134, $4.79; stereo MS 6734, $5.79.

Songs and Dances of Death. Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, with Mstislav Rostropovich, piano. Cradle Song; The Magpie; Night; Where Art Thou, Little Star? The Ragamuffin; On the Dnieper. Vishnevskaya, soprano, with the Russian State Symphony Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevitch. Philips mono PHM 500-082, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-082, $5.98.

For those denied, by distance, access to New York's "live" music season, the Philips disc contains a small but vital example of the artistry of the Rostropovitches, which has enlivened a number of evenings in the concert hall this fall. Incidental to the visit of the Moscow State Symphony Orchestra they have had ample opportunity to exhibit themselves as two of the most accomplished artists from any source that have been heard here in recent years. As this is written, indeed, Rostropovitch has not yet had the chance to demonstrate the talents as a pianist that won him a Grand Prix du Disque even before he became internationally famous as a cellist. But the evidence of his skill in the very recording that earned him the honor (a recoupling of what Moussorgsky called his *macabres* with another group of songs to make a disc wholly devoted to that composer) leaves little doubt that he will be as long remembered for dual achievements as Casals. Early in his career the great Catalanian made frequent recital appearances with his first wife, soprano Susan Metcalf.

So far as Vishnevskaya is concerned, this side does less to document the embracing artistry she has demonstrated on this second visit of hers to New York than its partner. This is not for lack of identification with the terror and torment of Moussorgsky's settings of the Kutuzov poems, but rather because they do not lend themselves to the female voice. They demand a breadth of expression, a vigor of attack that must, inevitably, drive such a soprano sound as hers to shrillness. As she is uncompromising in her devotion to artistic purpose, the sense of the songs comes first, the sound of the voice second. This is all very well, within limits; but the difference is aptly exemplified in the version by London previously noted in Recordings, July 31, 1965. I would not pretend to evaluate his Russian versus hers, but in so far as dramatic effect is concerned, his statements on the subject appeal to me as closer to the effect Moussorgsky had in mind.

The six songs on Side 2 of the Vishnevskaya disc are something else again, especially the kinds of colorations she summons for the *Cradle Song, The Magpie,* and *Where Art Thou, Little Star?* (the last has the special interest of being the first song composed by Moussorgsky, in 1857, when he was only eighteen, and the Balakirev circle had not yet been formed). The orchestrations by Markevitch strike me as faithful to the spirit of the composer (it would be fallacious to invoke an orchestral "style" for Moussorgsky, who did relatively little of his own), the totality very much a unique accomplishment for these two compatible personalities.

Artistically, London is no less impressive in the Four Serious Songs. However, they pose a different set of vocal problems than the Moussorgsky, especially in such matters as range, sustained beauty of sound, and richness of coloration. For all of his awareness of what he wants to do, London frequently has to strain for the top E or F, with a pervading dryness of sound inhibiting the kind of contrast that is desirable. Here, as in the Moussorgsky, Taubman is a comprehending collaborator.

Songs by Nilsson

SIBELIUS: *Var det en Dröm? Flickan kom; Svarta Rosor; Säv, Säv, Susa; Demante På Marssnön; Höstkväll; and Våren Flyktar Hastigt.* GRIEG: *En Svane; Fra Monte Pincio; and Våren.* RANGSTROM: *Melodi; Bön Till Natten; Sköldmön; and En Gammal Dansrytm. Bertil Bokstedt conducting the Vienna Opera Orchestra.* London mono 5942, $4.79; stereo OS 25942, $5.79.

Intimacy is not a mode of expression that comes easily to Nilsson, any more than to most other singers whose preoccupation has been with Brünnhilde, Isolde, etc. There is every evidence of

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conscientious effort, but not the complete identity that would come from an opportunity to perform such repertory as often as her more familiar kind. That applies especially to the present instances, in which orchestral arrangements replace the more accessible piano.

She is, in this view, at her best in the Grieg songs (and in such a quieter one of Sibelius as *Säv, Säv, Susa*), where the temptation to let the voice go all out is not merely resisted but excluded. Even so, at the end of *Fra Monte Pincio,* the climaxing A is on the Wagnerian order, rather than the carefully shaded sound that is desired. In certain of the Sibelius songs, where the harmonic colorations share the contemporary response to innovations of the *Ring* or *Tristan,* the translation into orchestral terms suggests a hitherto unfamiliar page by Wagner himself.

The four songs by Ture Rangström are the only ones currently available in the domestic market. As it happens, most of those chosen by Nilsson have been recorded by other Scandinavian singers on previous occasions, which suggests that they must be the ones that enjoy the greatest esteem in his native country. It is hardly surprising that Nilsson achieves some of her best results in *Sköldmön,* for the title translates as "Valkyrie," and the text has been treated by Rangström with full regard for such lines as "I dreamt I fought by your side, armed and strong last night." Bertil Bokstedt's conducting is clearly deferential to his celebrated associate, suggesting that a director of greater individuality might have exercised a more beneficial influence.

More of Caballé

BELLINI: *"Casta diva" (Norma); "Col sorriso" (Il Pirata).* DONIZETTI: *"Vivi, ingrato" (Roberto Devereux); "Com'e bello" (Lucrezia Borgia); and "Havvi un Dio" (Maria di Rohan). Montserrat Caballé, soprano, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario.* RCA Victor mono LM 2862, $4.79; stereo LSC 2862, $5.79.

By the time these words are read, Caballé will not only have returned to Carnegie Hall, the scene of her unexpected emergence last spring as replacement for Marilyn Horne, but will also have made her Metropolitan Opera debut as Marguerite in *Faust.* Hypothetically, too, the record itself should be on sale, for present plans call for it to be available about December 20.

Whenever it arrives, it is certain to be with us for a long time to come, as is Caballé herself. The taste of sound contained on her Odeon record noted here some months ago (July 31, 1965) was hardly suggestive of the range, variety, and exquisite artistry of which

Montserrat Caballé—"certain to be with us for a long time to come."

her voice is capable. Whoever put her "between Callas and Sutherland" in the New York *Herald Tribune* after her New York debut located much of Caballé's quality quite exactly: in such an excerpt common to all three as "Casta diva," Caballé is technically surer than Callas, more involved emotionally than Sutherland. It is not the best of her accomplishments by any means, but it provides an absorbing basis for comparison with other notable singers who have recorded this great scene, from Sembrich on.

What strikes the ear especially about Caballé's kind of singing is the ease of her production, the lack of strain or tension in the sound, even when she is producing a full-voiced top C at the end of the *Pirata* excerpt. She is yet young, of course, and this may be subject to change when the voice is used more intensively than it has been to this time. But it is clear evidence that the old-fashioned kind of discipline, which includes a dark lower register as well as a brilliant top and a solid middle, will yield the time-honored results, assuming that they are properly administered to a willing disciple. Add to this the need for suitable gifts, temperament, and intelligence, and the rarity of the results becomes more understandable. Cillario's contribution is of the quality that his prior achievements have given cause to expect.

The Delights of Darré

LISZT: *Sonata in B minor; Valse oubliée; La Campanella; Sonetto 123 del Petrarca; Feux follets; and Harmonies du Soir. Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano.* Vanguard mono VRS 1150, $4.79; stereo VSD 71150, $5.79.

Contrary to her status as the most recent pianist from France to attract wide attention in the United States, Jeanne-Marie Darré is no dewy-eyed debutante but a matronly lady whose appearance is compatible with the kind of experience she communicates in her playing. According to some sources, Darré could have come to America years ago had she chosen to accept the binding terms of a long-range contract, but, whatever the circumstances, her qualifications now make her mistress of her own fate, entirely.

These are fully exposed and widely exploited in the disc devoted to Liszt, a composer who can, by implication as well as demonstration, testify to a performer's capabilities in a wide range of other repertory also. In the longest of the pieces, Darré shows that she is a performer who aims for ultimate objectives and does not misgauge her technical ability to achieve them. Where the performance fails in its objective, so far as the recording is concerned, is in the lack of the ringing, resonant power which the B-minor Sonata demands. It may be the instrument, or it may be the way in which it is reproduced. In any case, it tends to deaden and mute the high points of output that determine whether an interpretation really attains the towering impressiveness inherent in the writing, or is truncated dynamically.

What she does not quite achieve in the sonata she does accomplish triumphantly in the shorter works. Each has the mercurial play of mind on matter, the swift sallies of impulse that throw a new light on a familiar phrase, the easy domination of a seemingly complicated passage that distinguish the superior artist from the merely aspiring. I would not, on the basis of this demonstration, put Darré down as a "miniaturist," but she is the kind of performer who can dispense delight whether she is dealing in oratory or confidences.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Jeanne-Marie Darré—"mercurial play of mind on matter."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: *Miraculous Mandarin* (Suite), *Deux Images, Two Portraits.* Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia mono ML 6189, $4.79; stereo MS 6789, $5.79.	Of the multiple contents of the two sides, favor (with me) gravitates to the two *Images* and *Portraits.* They are not only better suited to the general kind of sound the orchestra produces, but also profit more by the outstanding abilities of the individual instrumentalists. Among them concertmaster Anshel Brusilow has a particular opportunity to distinguish himself in the first of the *Portraits.* In the case of the *Miraculous Mandarin,* the abbreviated form of the score (the "suite" omits the three murders and the Mandarin's death, among other things) runs only nineteen and a half minutes, meaning that another ten minutes, at least, could have been included. What is heard, however, does not get to the essence of the subject as Dorati does with the BBC Orchestra on Mercury 90416.
Boccherini: Symphony in C, Concerto in D. Cambini: Sinfonia Concertante. Orchestra Accademia dell'Orso, with Newell Jenkins conducting. Dover HCR 5249, $2.00.	The guitar is not usually considered an "orchestral" instrument, but it makes a wholly characteristic effect as juxtaposed in the work with oboe, horns, bassoons, violins, and other strings. The oddity is that it was *added* to the texture when Boccherini converted one of his numerous quintets (Op. 12, No. 4) into a Symphony for Grand Orchestra in 1799. Musically it could hardly be considered "contemporary" (Beethoven's first symphony was about to be born), but it has the musical breeding, the distinctions of thought and expression that typify the Italian-born Boccherini's best works (the *Grave* of this one suggests that he may have heard one of Haydn's *Sturm und Drang* symphonies and reacted accordingly). Robert Cole, bassoon, and Laila Storch, oboe, are the able soloists in the Cambini Sinfonia a work of much charm if no great substance. The Boccherini Concerto should not be confused with the well-known work in B flat, which has been performed by many well-known cellists. It is in D, borders on a sinfonia concertante (with solo parts for two violins and bass), and is altogether worth knowing. Jean Decroos performs the solo cello part with fluency and good sound.
Lanner: *Hofballtänze,* Op. 161. Strauss Jr., J: *Seid umschlungen, Millionen!* Waldteufel: *Très Jolie.* Strauss, Josef: *Dynamiden,* Op. 173. Ziehrer: *Faschingskinder.* Nedbal: *Kavalier Waltzes.* Anton Paulik conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard mono SRV 150, $4.79; stereo SRV 150 SD, $5.79.	Paulik's familiarity with the Vienna waltz style is such that he never has to fabricate "sensuousness" or force a rhythmic pattern to show he knows that it exists. That is especially pertinent in the works of Lanner, for which he has a relaxed, happy feeling. He also pays Josef Strauss the same honor as Johann Strauss, Jr., and does not slight what is due to Ziehrer of Nedbal, either. Waldteufel's *Très Jolie* is one of his best efforts and it is gratifying to have it in a performance of this quality. Very good sound, which completes a service altogether suitable to the material with which it is concerned.
Lumbye: *Frederik VII Parade March, Krolls Ballklänge Waltz, Britta Polka, Columbine Polka-Mazurka, Telegraph Galop, Steam Railway Galop, Queen Louise Waltz, Concerto Polka, Salut for August Bournonville, Champagne Galop,* and "War Dance of the Red Indians" (from *Way from Denmark*). Musikkorps of the Tivoli Gardens directed by Svend Christian Felumb. Vox mono 512 840, $4.75; stereo STPL 512 840, $4.75.	For those who are not up on their Danish lore, Hans Christian Lumbye was music director of the Tivoli Gardens from the time they opened in 1843 until his retirement in 1872, and there has rarely been a day since when some work of his has not been included on one of its concert programs. By some popular standards (Vienna and Paris, particularly) Lumbye's works are not distinguished by outstanding melodic invention. However, he was a musician of distinguished attainments, and the spirit, color, and resourcefulness of his instrumentation contribute much to the vitality of his writing. Felumb obviously is devoted to this Copenhagen tradition, and honors it with zestful, sparkling performances.
Mozart: Serenade in D (No. 4, K. 203). Marches in D (K. 408, No. 2 and K. 237). Mozarteum Orchestra, Salzburg, conducted by Mladen Basic, with Joseph Schröcksnadel, violin. Eurodisc stereo S 71 253, $5.98.	There is no current competitor for this issue in the Schwann listings, nor is it possible to recall one that succeeded in making the seven movements as resonantly alive and invigorating as they sound here. Neither Basic nor Schröcksnadel are names to prepare one for the quality of results they achieve: the conductor for his superb comprehension of pace and balance, the soloist for the clear, fresh sound he pours into the inner movements that are on the order of the concerti Mozart was writing at the same time (K. 211, 216, 218, 219). Ironically, it is known today as the "Collorodo" Serenade (for its association with the Archbishop of Salzburg), though this later adversary of Mozart hardly deserves to be remembered in such a radiant context. The two marches serve as prelude and postlude, quite in keeping with the spirit that pervades the music and its luminous reproduction.
Mozart: Symphony No. 29 in A (K. 201). Symphony No. 41 in C. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Vanguard mono SRV 180, $4.79; ster SRV 180 SD, $5.79.	Recordings of No. 29 in A are no longer the rarities they once were (the current Schwann lists no fewer than eight others), but a performance of this quality is an exclusive item at any time, whatever the repertory. It embodies a chamber music sense of individual response among the players with a breadth of sonority (among the strings especially) suitable to the scope of the scoring. The slower movement, in particular, attains a rarefied kind of response, which seems limited to conductors who have put in, as Sir John now has, decades at learning how to command it. The C major is lower in the list of preferred performances, the conception of the conductor showing less of its architectural design than Szell's or Klemperer's.
Tchaikovsky: Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury mono OL 2-115, $9.58; stereo SR 2-9015, $11.58.	Adroit use of the space on the four sides of the two discs has enabled Mercury to produce a tripling (rather than a coupling) no other maker has previously devised. What that amounts to (in view of other current practice) is the bonus of No. 3 on a combination of No. 1 and 2. There are doubtless some shades of difference that might incline one to a choice of another version of the first, second, or third in an even-up contest, but they are hardly significant. Dorati has a sure hand on the orchestra, and his background as a ballet conductor gives him access to the spirit that dominates much of the writing. In addition, he has made a very good orchestra of the London Symphony, and the reproduction of it is first class. —Irving Kolodin.

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Jazz in Peek-a-Boo

LIMELIGHT's album jackets continue to look as though they were designed by someone with the bankroll of a shipping magnate and the taste of a retired madam. The latest batch features pop-outs with peek-a-boo windows through which one may observe drawings of Aztec warriors or photographs of Milt Jackson standing inside some abstract statuary in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art.

Jackson peeks through the Modern's sculpture garden because his LP (Limelight L/LS 86024) was recorded there last summer, in a concert featuring Jackson's vibes, James Moody's flute and saxophones, and Cedar Walton's piano. Jackson is rhythmically inventive on "The Quota," and Moody's solo on "Turquoise" has the kind of modest strength to be heard in his best flute work. Also commendable is Moody's theme "Simplicity and Beauty" (but not its variant, which he calls "Flying Saucer"). More typical of the recital is "Montelei." It is obviously the work of major musicians but it has a decidedly perfunctory air. However, I would recommend the LP to anyone who still insists that Milt Jackson is inhibited by his usual role as a member of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

The occasion for the Aztec icons is an album by Dizzy Gillespie featuring a long work in six parts by Lalo Schifrin called *The New Continent*, performed by the trumpeter with a large California studio orchestra conducted by Benny Carter.

As usual, Schifrin proves himself knowledgeable, professional, and skilful—and, heaven knows, he went to music school! To put it another way, he is fanciful but not imaginative. In a section called "The Chains," Gillespie bursts through with a basically simple solo at medium tempo with a tambourine-dominated shuffle rhythm and a little cumulative riffing behind him. It is a beautiful episode, and it makes most of what has preceded, and most of what follows, sound like musical posturing.

The peek-a-boo in Gerry Mulligan's new Limelight album shows silhouettes of some rather awkward-looking rock-'n'-rollers. The set is called *If You Can't Beat 'Em Join 'Em*, and the idea, you see, is to offer jazz versions of some recent "Top 40" hits, done by Mulligan and a quartet featuring Pete Jolly's piano and Johnny Gray's guitar. On the whole, I would say that it takes more of Mulligan's musical imagination than comes through here to beat 'em, and it takes more energy than comes through here to join 'em. However, the set might be worth a try as an introduction to jazz for youngsters. (Incidentally, I was half hoping for versions of the Beatles' "And I Love Her" and "Yesterday," two good songs that might be well suited to Mulligan, and when I saw "King of the Road," I anticipated a good opportunity for counterpoint from Mulligan but didn't get it.)

Emarcy, Limelight's companion label, is more modestly packaged and is often devoted to reissues. *Out of the Herd* (MGE 26012) is devoted to recordings from the mid-Forties by small ensembles, largely drawn from Woody Herman's orchestra of the time. What has always struck me as remarkable about that orchestra was its singularly eclectic approach—it featured bits of Lunceford, Ellington, Henderson, Basie, plus a veneer of be-bop that is sometimes rather thin, delivered with a kind of tense, strident energy that only the young can produce and perhaps only the young can fully enjoy. That same strident enthusiasm was what held together all the disparate parts, of course, and somehow, twenty years later, it still does. Recording on their own, the Herman sidemen sometimes tried out more extended balladry, like trombonist Bill Harris's "Characteristically B.H." or his "Mean to Me," than they got with the big band. Or they attempted more orthodox bop, like Neal Hefti's pastiche, "I Woke Up Dizzy." I might argue with some of the selections here: "Cross Country," very characteristic of these players and their music, is not included, but Red Norvo's "The Man I Love," which is more indebted to Goodman than to Herman, is included. However, "The Man I Love" has a solo by Teddy Wilson that is a thing of beauty, and one of the few moments on this otherwise lively and agreeable LP that make one want to dredge up the word *art*.

(Incidentally, Columbia's three-LP set, *The Thundering Herds*—C3L—25, monaural only—gathers much of the material recorded by the Herman big band and the "Woodchoppers" smaller ensemble for that label between 1944 and 1948.)

Le Jazz Hot (Emarcy MGE 26004) is a collection of titles by Django Reinhardt that were made in wartime Belgium and have never before been released on this side of the Atlantic. The various accompaniments are small, large, and very large; some of the individual players are good, but abilities in general range from acceptably competent to—well, somewhat less than acceptably competent. At this period, Reinhardt's playing was repeatedly at its fullest development. On this LP it is as if Reinhardt, in the spring of 1942, were able tastefully to elaborate and embellish his earlier self. Surprisingly, one of the best performances is a reinterpretation of the guitarist's "Nuages" with a large orchestra including strings. Reinhardt's ornamentations are a delight and the accompaniment is discreetly sympathetic in orchestration and performance.

Reinhardt was deeply (and obviously) indebted to American jazzmen, but he did not merely imitate them. Therein lay his strength as an exceptional improvising musician—a fact that, considering the derivative quality of so much jazz, is not so celebrated as it might be. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Django Reinhardt—"an exceptional improvising musician."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G, Op. 58. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor mono LM 2848, $4.79; stereo LSC 2848, $5.79. Rudolph Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia mono ML 6145, $4.79; stereo MS 6745, $5.79.	With performers of the quality of Rubinstein and Serkin, the results are very likely to be as close as letters of the alphabet (R and S), which give Rubinstein precedence in the citation to the left. It might, indeed, turn on something as peripheral to the main issue as the choice of cadenza. As both men not only play Beethoven's own, but also are in agreement that the first of the two he composed (for the first movement) is preferable to the second, this avenue of selection is closed. I find, for my personal taste, that Serkin and Ormandy share a sense of tonal values that stresses the lyric aspect of the music, thus satisfying that essential to a somewhat more consistent degree than Rubinstein and Leinsdorf. But anyone who elected to argue the contrary would not find me in very staunch opposition. The sound of the Columbia reproduction, at its best, is more resonant, less sharply defined than the RCA.
Bellini: Concerto in E flat. Salieri: Concerto in C. Donizetti: Concertino in G. Boccherini: Quintet in D. André Lardrot, oboe and English horn, with Raymond Meylan, flute (in the Salieri), and the Solisti di Zagreb conducted by Antonio Janigro. Vanguard mono VRS 1133, $4.79; stereo VSD 71133, $5.79.	Did Bellini really think of Amina (in *Sonnambula*) as an oboe, and was the real voice for Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* an English horn rather than a mezzo? That is the implication of the concertos for those instruments in the valuable, not to say unique, collection compiled by André Lardrot on behalf of vocal fanciers as well as enthusiasts for the double reed instruments. In any case, it would take a super soprano or mezzo to produce the kind of long, flowing lines that Lardrot draws from his instrument in a seemingly endless supply of breath. As Bellini and Donizetti wrote vocally for the instruments and instrumentally for the voice, Lardrot's results tell much about the nature of the problems confronting a singer. He has assistance worthy of his own art in the Salieri concerto from Meylan, a Swiss flute virtuoso. The Boccherini does not measure in musical interest to the level of the other works, but it makes an entertaining addition to the total. Janigro and the Solisti collaborate productively.
Brahms: Variations on an Original Theme (Op. 21, No. 1); Intermezzi and Rhapsody (Op. 119); Variations in F sharp minor (Op. 9). Beveridge Webster, piano. Dover HCR 5250, $2.00.	With the exception of the opus 119 pieces, the repertory favored by Webster is hard to come by, either on disc or in the concert hall (where one or another of the sets of variations is not likely to be encountered in a year's round of concertgoing). It is thus a welcome addition to Webster's enterprise that he has the stylistic sense to complement the composer's purpose. This is, of course, more difficult to provide where the composer has not completely realized his purpose (as in Op. 21); but Webster makes a convincing experience of it nevertheless. Good piano reproduction.
Debussy: Danses *sacrées et profanes* Ravel: Introduction and Allegro. Pierné: Concertstück. Fauré: Impromptu, Op. 86. Annie Challan, harp, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens. Angel mono 36290, $4.79; stereo S 36290, $5.79.	Though she is only twenty-five, Challan comes by her persuasive way with the harp classics of Debussy and Ravel naturally, for she was trained by Lily Laskine, whose name brings to mind some of the earliest recordings of these (and other) works for harp. Challan's performances are highly specific in themselves, but they also profit by excellent microphoning and balance to give a closer contact with the music than almost any previous recording. Cluytens's contribution, especially in the Ravel, is considerable. The Pierné begins well, but it trails off thereafter into Franckian echoes, which sound as if he were stating his qualifications to be the next organist at Sainte-Clothilde (which he did, indeed, become in succession to Franck). It is full of "delectable" sonorities and the harpist clearly has a warm time of it. The Fauré is a lesser piece.
Moussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Rachmaninoff: Prelude in C sharp minor. Prokofiev: Toccata. Lorin Hollander, piano. RCA Victor mono LM 2823, $4.79; stereo LSC 2823, $5.79.	There will doubtless be disagreement on all sides, but Hollander's performance of Moussorgsky, for all its finger facility, strikes me as deficient in power of portrayal, undernourished imaginatively, and much more concerned with articulating the notes than with what Moussorgsky sought to convey with them. The contributions to this impression are the brittle and percussive pianistic attack of Hollander, which chops phrases into so many individual sequences rather than weaving them into a meaningful whole. He plays both of the non-Moussorgsky works better, especially the Prokofiev Toccata, which is ideal for what he has to offer.
Sarasate: Introduction and Tarantelle. Anshel Brusilow, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. All the following with the same. Cooley: Aria and Dance. Carlton Cooley, viola. Fauré: *Elégie*. Lorne Munroe, cello.Vanhal: Concerto in E (Allegro moderato). Roger Scott, bass. Riisager: Concertino Op. 29. Gilbert Johnson, trumpet. Saint-Saëns: *Morceau*. Mason Jones, horn. Guilmant: *Morceau Symphonique*. H. C. Smith, trombone. Columbia mono ML 6191, $4.79; stereo MS 6791, $5.79.	With the exception of Munroe, who has been first cellist of the New York Philharmonic for more than a year, the other performers are all section leaders of the Philadelphia Orchestra. This speaks its own piece for the skills they command, and each is in full possession for his speciality. However, the specialities are a little too specialized for the average taste, unnecessarily restricted to the kind of pieces instrumentalists practice in order to become proficient on their instruments. With the exception of the Fauré and Sarasate, it is hard to imagine them being recorded under other circumstances. My preference would have been for a record showing how each copes with the tests that come to him in the course of his normal functioning. This would not have produced so many lengthy selections, but could have substituted more musical interest.
Schubert: Quintet, in A (Op. 114). Peter Serkin, piano, Alexander Schneider, violin, Michael Tree, viola, David Soyer, cello, and Julius Levine, double bass. Vanguard mono VRS 1145, $4.79; stereo 71145, $5.79.	As the sparkling purity of his sound and the fleet accuracy of his fingers are matched by an enthusiasm for what he is doing, Peter Serkin's performance of the piano part in this ever-fresh work comes close to an ideal of sonority and spirit. However, none of the other performers comes quite so close to that ideal, with the result that Serkin's playing stands out in a way that is hardly his fault. In ordinary circumstances, Schneider's violin playing would rate high, but it is a little too calm and methodical in this context. Thus it adds to just another good performance of the *Forellen* rather than the great one it could be. The recording gives a fine image of the sound of each performer, including the supporting double bass of Levine.
Stravinsky: Concerto. Bartók: Concerto (1939). Joseph Silverstein, violin, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor mono LM 2852, $4.79; stereo LSC 2852, $5.79.	Silverstein's performances are much to his credit, either as a soloist or as an example of rounded musicianship to the members of the string section with which he is associated as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony. He is, however, closer to the interpretive mark in the Stravinsky than in the Bartók. The former's reversion from time to time to a conventional kind of *cantilena* permits Silverstein to demonstrate the silky texture of the sound he can draw from the violin. In the Bartók (designated on the sleeve as "No. 2," though "No. 1" is hardly a true concerto) the kind of slashing attack it requires comes harder to him. He stints nothing to produce the results that are wanted, but they remain a little pale and unfulfilling by the standards of its best performers (Stern or Oistrakh). Leinsdorf charts a sure way through the intricacies of the two orchestral scores, though his "soundings" in Stravinsky produce a heavier, broader sonority than the composer indicates as preferential in his version (Columbia MS 6331) with Stern. —I.K.

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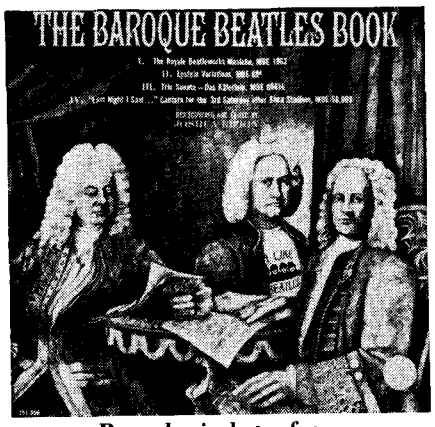
B Is for Beatles (and Baroque)

THE BAROQUE BEATLES BOOK *(rediscovered and edited by Joshua Rifkin): "The Royale Beatleworks Musicke" (MBE 1963). Baroque Ensemble of the Merseyside Kammermusikgesellschaft, Rifkin conducting; "Epstein Variations" (MBE 69a) for harpsichord. Murray the Klavierkitzler; "Last Night I Said" (cantata for the third Saturday after Shea Stadium, MBE 58,000). Harold Breines, helpentenor, with the Canby Singers (Edward Tatnall Canby, director) and the Kammermusikgesellschaft Ensemble under Rifkin; Trio Sonata "Das Käferlein" (MBE 004¼). Gerald Tarack, violin; Basil Reeve, oboe; Robert Sylvester, cello; Joshua Rifkin, harpsichord.* Elektra EKL-306, $4.79 (mono); EKS-7306, $5.79 (stereo).

For some time, musicologists have been studying the influence of the Beatles on the world of "serious" music, and vice versa. Leonard Bernstein, Seiji Ozawa, and Abram Chasins are among the musicians who have expressed admiration for the shaggy Liverpudlians, and Mr. Bernstein has, on more than one occasion, used the Beatles' tunes in his New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts.

Not only stylistic but actual melodic similarities between the Beatles' numbers (all composed by two members of the foursome, John Lennon and Paul McCartney) and certain classical pieces have been observed from time to time. It is hardly necessary now to remark on the likeness of the Credo in Gounod's *St. Cecilia Mass* to *I Want to Hold Your Hand.* Such examples may represent mere coincidence, but those in the opposite direction, such as the recently discovered *Eine kleine Beatle-Musik* (recorded by the Barock und Roll Ensemble on an HMV 45-r.p.m. EP in England, never released here), are anything but.



Record jacket from Baroque Beatles Book.

Should the concept of the Beatles influencing baroque music seem hard to grasp on the part of those oriented to conventional chronology, a glance at the life and work of the recently exhumed baroque master P. D. Q. Bach (1807-1742), whose works have been revived with success by another young musicologist, Peter Schickele, may help to set things in perspective. In any event, *Eine kleine Beatle-Musik*, barely six minutes long, was the only example of this influence known to the musical community until now. Its significance pales in the light of these latest rediscoveries by Rifkin.

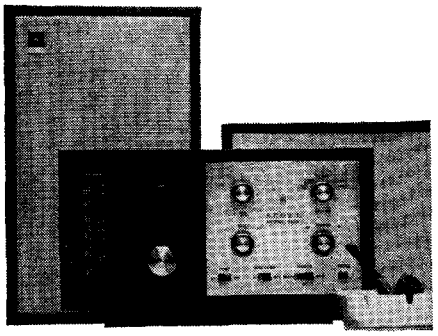
THE four works on the record represent four different facets of Beatle-Baroquerie (or, so to speak, Baroque-Beatledom). The expansive and robust orchestral suite from "The Royale Beatleworks Musicke" begins with an "Ouverture" based on "I Want to Hold Your Hand." The succeeding "Réjouissance" is based on "I'll Cry Instead," and the charming "La Paix" on "Things We Said Today." The concluding section is in two parts: "L'Amour s'en cachant" ("You've Got to Hide Your Love Away") and "Les Plaisirs" ("Ticket to Ride").

The suite is given a performance of ringing authority by the Baroque Ensemble of the Merseyside Kammermusikgesellschaft, for whose belated reactivation some of New York's finest players were recruited. The difficult trumpet parts in the suite and the cantata are executed by Robert Nagel, Richard San Filippo, and Theodore Weis, all of whom have obviously studied and mastered Johann Ernst Altenburg's definitive treatise on what James Goodfriend has called "the highly secret art of baroque trumpet playing."

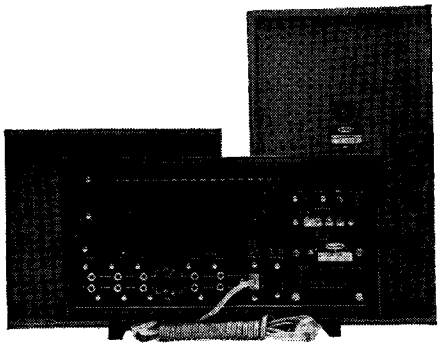
The compact and powerful "Epstein Variations" (on "Hold Me Tight"), played with adroitness and understanding by Murray the Klavierkitzler (Mr. Rifkin's alter ego, in the most literal sense), must be regarded as the outstanding example

(*Continued on page* 61)

Amazingly Simple



Simply Amazing



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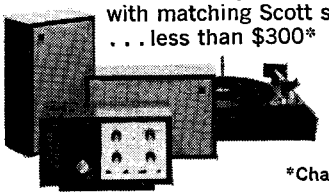

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
On a Clear Day You Can See Forever: Music by Burton Lane, lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. Barbara Harris, John Cullum, Clifford David, William Daniels, Titos Vandis, and other members of the original Broadway cast, with chorus and orchestra under Theodore Saidenberg. RCA Victor LOCD 2006, $5.79; stereo LSOD 2006, $6.79.	An old-fashioned, almost operetta style pervades the new Lerner-Lane score for *On a Clear Day.* To the extent that this implies a harvest of richly melodic tunes, strong-voiced singers and solid orchestrations, it is all to the good. Certainly, Broadway has been a long while without ballads so beguiling as "It's Lovely Up Here," "She Wasn't You," and "What Did I Have?"; the title tune also has a catchy lilt that stands up well under repeated hearings. On the other hand, there is a disturbing artificiality to several of the numbers, particularly those that break the romantic mold. "Don't Tamper with my Sister," for instance, attempts a coy spoof on eighteenth-century morals, while "On the S.S. Bernard Cohn" is an inflated production number. Both fall completely flat. The performances by Barbara Harris, John Cullum, and indeed the entire talented company, are fine throughout—full of verve and spirit.
Jerome Kern Revisited: Nancy Andrews, Barbara Cook, Harold Lang, Bobby Short, and Cy Young, with arrangements and musical direction by Norman Paris; cast and material assembled by Ben Bagley. Columbia OL 6440, $4.79; stereo OS 2840, $5.79.	The twelve "rediscoveries" that comprise this charming collection span almost the entire creative life of Jerome Kern, from the 1915 *Very Good Eddie* to the movie musical *Cover Girl* in 1944, a year before Kern's death. Some of the arrangements are a little too clever for comfort—seemingly more in the spirit of spoofing bygone musical styles than in conveying an affectionate remembrance of them—but the performances are fresh, spirited, and agreeably straightforward. And, oh those marvelous Kern tunes! "You Never Knew About Me," "I Have the Room Above," "In the Heart of the Dark."
Carousel: Music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. John Raitt, Susan Watson, Eileen Christy, Katherine Hilgenberg and other members of the revival cast at the Music Theater of Lincoln Center, with Franz Allers conducting. RCA Victor LOC 1114, $4.79; stereo LSO 1114, $5.79.	*Carousel* has been recorded again, and the marvelous Rodgers and Hammerstein songs are as captivating as ever. John Raitt, returning to the role he created on Broadway more than twenty years ago, sings with all the dynamism of old, but the vocal strain is showing a bit now, and he fails to convey the same warmth or depth of characterization that he brought to his original recording. More's the pity, since the two ladies—Eileen Christy and Susan Watson—are appealing. Katherine Hilgenberg (on leave from the San Francisco Opera), Jerry Orbach, and particularly Reid Shelton also contribute heartily to the joys of the production.
Sallah: Musical score by Yohanan Zarai, lyrics by D. Menusi and U. Ofek, additional themes by Luchi DeJesus. Philips PHM 200-177, $3.98; stereo PHS 600-177, $4.98.	*Sallah,* the Israeli comedy currently on display in this country, has spawned a soundtrack album of alternately entertaining and commonplace music. Yohanan Zarai is listed as the composer of the film's score, but his efforts (totaling less than thirteen minutes) are limited to a "Tavern Song" and a "Love Song," each offered in both instrumental and vocal versions. These are excellent, incidentally, full of zesty, authentic flavor. The album is filled out, however, with "additional themes arranged by Luchi DeJesus"—music, I would guess, not from the soundtrack at all.
Bunny Lake is Missing: Original soundtrack score composed and conducted by Paul Glass; additional songs composed by Colin Blunstone and Chris White, sung by The Zombies. RCA Victor LOC 1115, $4.79; stereo LSO 1115, $5.79.	Paul Glass, student of Petrassi in Italy, Lutoslawski in Poland, and Sessions in the USA has written a serious score for the mystery film *Bunny Lake is Missing,* and one with many moments of striking originality. The music encompasses a great many styles—from faintly pop-tinged themes to dissonant segments utilizing twelve-tone techniques—but it maintains an overall sense of coherence and dramatic unity. Also included are three ghastly songs (not by Glass) chanted by a Beatles-type outfit known as The Zombies.
The Great Race: Music from the film score, composed and conducted by Henry Mancini; vocal by Dorothy Provine. RCA Victor LPM 3402; $3.79; stereo LSP 3402, $4.79.	Considering the frenetic nature of the comedy it accompanies, Henry Mancini's music for *The Great Race* is remarkably well-behaved. The individual titles hint at zaniness ("Push the Button, Max," "Pie-in-the-face Polka," etc.), but the score is as genial and mild-mannered as any in the extensive Mancini portfolio. Sprightly orchestrations and one raucous music-hall song occasionally do evoke what the liner notes call "a slapstick era when motorcars always backfired," but, on the whole, this is meek Mancini.
The Ipcress File: Music from the film score, composed and conducted by John Barry. Decca DL 9124, $4.79; stereo DL 79124, $5.79.	The success of the James Bond films has not only produced a whole new contingent of sophisticated spy stories, it has also led to some musical undercover work, since 007 composer John Barry is also responsible for the sound track of *The Ipcress File.* An expert craftsman, Barry has created a thoroughly professional score, albeit hardly one of lasting interest. There is a catchy, if derivative main title theme, some effective semi-jazz variations on it, and a lot of sinister mood-setting, which somehow seemed much more effective in the dark of the theater than in the light of the day.
The Glory Guys: Music from the film score, composed and conducted by Riz Ortolani; lyrics by Noel Sherman. United Artists UAL 4126, $4.79; stereo UAS 5129, $5.79.	Riz Ortolani, the young Italian composer who surged to international fame a few years ago with his theme music for *Mondo Cane,* has been busy solidifying that reputation ever since. His most recent film, a Cavalry-vs.-Indians affair called *The Glory Guys* offers a patchwork quilt of vibrant, martial themes and charmingly lyric ones. There are pulsating battle sequences, attractively stylized dances (a mazurka, waltz, and polka) and several warmly romantic passages too. None of it sounds especially American, but the score in general has musical substance far beyond that normally lavished on the Hollywood horse opera. —Robert Sherman.

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La Scala "Requiem"

IN DECEMBER 1963 the *Requiem*, Op. 39, by Wilfred Josephs, was named as the winning work in the First International Competition for Symphonic Composition of the City of Milan, and La Scala. The award carried a prize of $5,000 and a first performance at La Scala. This fall, after a number of delays caused by administrative complications, the premiere was given under the direction of Maestro Nino Sanzogno, a member of the panel that selected the work, and a second performance was given the following day.

The *Requiem* is as impressive a work as one would expect to win the approval of so distinguished a team of judges: Sanzogno's colleagues were fellow conductor Franco Ferrara and composers Petrassi and Ghedini, and the chairman was Victor de Sabata. Wilfred Josephs is a thirty-eight-year-old British composer who has already had a number of international successes. The first performance of his Violin Sonata was given in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium in New York only six days before the performance of the *Requiem*, and the premiere at Cheltenham, England, of his powerful Second Symphony was reported in these columns in July.

But this *Requiem* is certainly his most imposing achievement so far. Its origins go back more than four years to the trial and arrest of Adolf Eichmann, which reawakened Josephs's horror at the sufferings of Jews during the Second World War. In memory of those who had died, he wrote a string quintet that consisted of three slow movements and originally bore the title *Requiescant*. Later, feeling that he had more to say on the subject, he conceived the idea of incorporating the quintet in a choral work, which would be a setting, not of the Roman Mass for the Dead, but of the traditional Hebrew prayer, the Kaddish, recited by Jewish mourners for their dead. The choice of text was not motivated by any desire to promote a specifically Jewish reference. On the contrary, though it was a Jewish tragedy that provided the original impulse for the composition, Josephs's idea was to emphasize the universality of his aim by avoiding the many established associations, both musical and liturgical, of the Roman Requiem Mass, so as to reach listeners without the distraction of specific associations.

The impact of the two performances at La Scala showed that he has succeeded triumphantly. Without any facile parade of feelings, and unencumbered by the embarrassingly and complacently familiar tone of Bernstein's *Kaddish Symphony*, Josephs's *Requiem* has an emotional effect whose profundity is materially increased by its extraordinary restraint. It is laid out in ten movements. The first, fifth, and last are the original three movements of the *Requiescant* quintet, and the entire work thus begins and ends pianissimo. The seventh movement is an orchestral *De profundis*, and the six vocal movements are for chorus and orchestra. A baritone soloist is employed in four of them.

Only one movement, the third, is really fast. The others are not only predominantly slow but also predominantly quiet. Josephs thus runs an obvious risk of monotony, but he has imbued each movement with so strong a character of its own that the work holds the attention with ease throughout its fifty-minute duration. The use of the quintet of solo strings is a particularly clever stroke, adding an extra dimension to the dynamic possibilities of normal orchestral scoring. By contrast with the biggest fortissimo the quintet can produce, even the quieter passages for chorus and orchestra assume a massive strength. The few loud outbursts are in turn able to make a striking impact.

A few years ago, after completing his studies with the dedicated Schoenbergian Max Deutsch in Paris, Josephs was writing twelve-tone serial music. He has abandoned the method more recently, and his style is now a blend in which constructive but non-twelve-tone elements derived from serialism merge with tonal elements used for their expressive value. In the *Requiem* at least no feeling of eclecticism results, for the whole is unified by a serious, sensitive, imaginative, and always completely individual matter and manner of musical speech.

Maestro Sanzogno directed performances of profound power and insight. Renato Capecchi was the sympathetic baritone soloist, the Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala (chorus-master Roberto Benaglio) were in splendid form, and the quintet movements were magnificently played by five members of the orchestra. The Scala management declared itself highly gratified with the prize-winning work, and it is hoped that further competitions will follow. Meanwhile, the Josephs *Requiem* deserves to be more widely heard.

—BERNARD JACOBSON.

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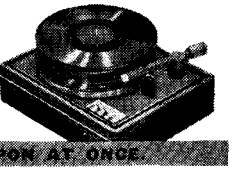

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Ardoin and the Goosemarket

CAN YOU clarify a statement made by John Ardoin in his review [*SR*, Nov. 13] of the Angel *Opera at the Goosemarket* record? Mr. Ardoin says that Mattheson's *Boris Godounov* "was recorded in its entirety several years ago but is no longer in the catalogue." Now I am an assiduous student of the Schwann catalogue and make it a point of honor to acquire whatever recordings of out-of-the-way operas appear. I can't understand how I can have overlooked something so rare and promising.

I suspect that Mr. Ardoin has been misled by Schwann's separate list of operas available on record, which includes operas represented only by relatively sizable excerpts. *Boris* has appeared on that list, the reference being to excerpts contained in one of the Electrola series *Music in Ancient Towns and Cities,* specifically the disc devoted to Hamburg. As I understand it, the Angel record under review is merely a domestic pressing of that disc, so that nothing has been lost or gained where Boris is concerned.

Mr. Ardoin does not note, however, that there was for some years available a complete Telemann *Pimpinone*, sung by Helen Fuchs and Erich Lassner and conducted by Jonathan Sternberg (Oceanic OCS27). I am sorry to report that the whole work (at least in that reading) is even duller than Mr. Ardoin makes the excerpt sound.

DAVID M. GREENE.

Bethlehem, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Greene's suspicion is correct. Mr. Ardoin was misled by a printed reference to the prior release.*

Another Toscanini "Requiem"

NOW THAT we have finally received the complete Berlioz *Romeo and Juliet* of Toscanini, we are wondering more than ever if there is any talk or possibility of releasing the sublime Verdi *Requiem* and Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* from 1940, with soloists Milanov, Castagna, Bjoerling, Moscona, and Kipnis.

(The Rev.) CLIFFORD BRIER,
St. Anne's Church.

Oswego, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It would depend, no doubt, on the quality of the source material, as tape was not in use for the reproduction of broadcasts at that time.*

Carmen and Price

M. N. WEBER'S letter to the Recordings Editor [*SR*, Nov. 27] under the title *Price and Salome*, interested me a great deal.

Music is beyond my knowledge but not beyond my interest. Nonetheless, it appears, in my considered opinion, that many opera singers, male and female, would display not their strengths but their weaknesses when it comes to art songs.

In the case of Madame Price and her *El Amor Brujo, Les Nuits D'Eté,* and *Salome,* Mr. Weber's carefully considered comments on her performances are agreeable to me. Perhaps Madame Price is better off with operas.

My only conscious objection is to Mr. Weber's remark that Miss Price's portrayal of Carmen is "a vulgarization." In view of Carmen's character, I wonder if Mr. Weber interprets that Carmen should be as graceful as Micaela.

CHIN HA SUK.

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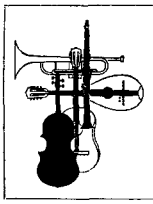

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 43

Robert O'Hearn, the forthright, well-shaded conducting of Georges Prêtre, and the excellent style of such singers as Gabriel Bacquier, Rita Gorr, and Justino Díaz (Abimelech). Unfortunately, Miss Gorr's Dalila did not sustain its seductive accent for Act II, when she wavered from pitch and failed to support the kind of sound with which she had begun.

A new element of interest was James McCracken's first venture here with Samson, a part he has sung elsewhere with distinction. If he could convert some of his power into a warmer, more supple sound, he would be a highly satisfactory performer in this role, for his massive physique is the kind to make the necessary illusion. But his voice still tends (as in most parts, other than Otello, which he has performed here) to thicken and lose musical quality. Bonaldo Giaiotti sang some uncommonly beautiful passages in the part of the Old Hebrew.

Those who charitably attributed the delay of half an hour in the starting time of Duke Ellington's Philharmonic Hall concert to the damp afternoon and consideration for latecomers were probably confusing it with moisture of another kind, the sort that accompanies creative effort. In this instance it was "A Blue Mural from Two Points of View," which, said Ellington, was "so new, we only finished it this afternoon." The "two points of view" were those of his long-time collaborator Billy Strayhorn and himself on a theme which, it sounded, might have been Strayhorn's. It also sounded as though the earlier, open writing for the reed quartet were Strayhorn's, the later, denser, treatment Ellington's. Each part of the profile complemented the other so well that, together, they made for a recognizable likeness of the face their music has worn since they began creating it together.

Soloistically, the afternoon's honors went to Paul Gonsalves, who rose to this occasion as he has to many others with the drive and facility of his tenor sax playing. But there were subtle rewards, too, in the blend of sounds from Jimmy Hamilton, Russell Procope, and Harry Carney, who together play eight or so instruments of the reed family. Along with John Lamb, who has perfected a singing kind of glissando on the string bass, and Louie Bellson, on drums, they make up a "chamber ensemble" (as Ellington referred to it) that is just about right for a chamber the size of Philharmonic Hall. And don't forget, either "our piano player," as Duke refers to himself. He is still the heart as well as the brain of the music these men play.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Continued from page 57

of clavier music from this source, since it appears to be the only one.

The Trio Sonata ("Das Käferlein") is a sterling work which manages to say a lot in less than four minutes. It is in only two movements: an opening Grave-Allegro-Grave on "Eight Days a Week" and a concentrated Quodlibette on "She Loves You," "Thank You Girl," and "A Hard Day's Night."

Most imaginative of all these pieces, however, is the cantata "Last Night I Said." In some respects, it may be said to recall the parody masses of Orlando di Lasso and Palestrina, but its style reflects the more ornate usage of the high baroque. Between the opening chorus ("Please Please Me") and the closing chorale ("I'll Be Back") stands the crown of the work, the two-part aria "Help—When I was Younger," preceded by a recitative of great breadth ("In they came jorking") extracted from Mr. Lennon's prose writings *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works*. The Helpentenor, Harold Breines, is the foreordained interpreter of this incredible gem.

A rare painting from the time of the creation of these masterpieces, showing Handel, Bach, and Telemann studying the Lennon-McCartney originals, adorns the cover of this significant release, and the original dedicatory letter is printed in place of the usual dry annotation.

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—RICHARD FREED.

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Editorial

Continued from page 24

gunpoint rule on Asians. Meanwhile, the Chinese see Vietnam as a combination trap and meat-grinder that can chew up large numbers of Americans.

Whatever happens in Vietnam, the Chinese feel confident of ultimate victory. If the United States withdraws, the Chinese gate is open to Southeast Asia. If the United States stays on, the Chinese bid for control of the world Communist movement becomes stronger with each passing day. And if the United States, out of utter frustration and desperation, should seek to escalate the war to the limit by using nuclear bombs, the Chinese believe the certain effect would be to trigger a world nuclear war which would destroy the West and which, while it would inflict serious damage on the Chinese, would leave China in a better position to recoup than anyone else and enable it to build a base for remaking the world.

The United States is fast moving into the most precarious situation in its history—not only for itself but for mankind in general. It is futile to speculate on what should have been done differently. It is too late for recriminations. There is time only for the most searching and courageous thought and action of which the American people are capable. If there is the slightest chance that the dependence of the North Vietnamese on the Chinese is not yet absolute, that chance should be resolutely pursued. In fact, we have to proceed on the assumption that there may yet be some reversible elements in the Hanoi-Peking relationship, however tenuous. A pause in the bombing is not enough. The United States ought to make a dramatic peace offer, backed by a unilateral cease-fire as the first step toward a formal cease-fire. This should be accompanied by an offer to return to the terms of the Geneva Agreement of 1954, a pledge of massive aid in helping to rebuild not only South Vietnam but North Vietnam once the conditions of safety and stability for the area are assured, with the United Nations as guarantor of the independence of the states concerned. To whatever extent is possible, the Soviet Union ought to be brought into the arrangements for making and carrying out a comprehensive peace offer.

The odds may be heavily against the success of such an approach, but it is folly to calculate odds in the glare of the grim certainties of the present course. If U.S. policy in Vietnam is to lead from strength, then our greatest strength right now may be the dramatic exercise of the moral imagination. In any event, we have come to the deadest of dead ends in the use of raw force. An approach that can ignite genuine hope might have more power than we realize or the other side can ignore. —N.C.

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Broadway Postscript

Continued from page 41

romantic Horner, whose plain dealing contrasts with the foppish society around him, but he does not capture the comic isolation of this character. Elizabeth Huddle is full of disingenuous ebullience as Margery Pinchwife, but her performance doesn't utilize the extremes of make-believe, or of reality. Either one would have been preferable to the somewhat too cautious approach she does employ. Except for a few widely spaced sparks, the rest of the cast is content to fill in the play's outlines competently. The comedy uses the Beaumont Theater in the proscenium position, condensing all the action into three settings, that fit neatly on a revolving stage. This keeps the action flowing and permits the director to make an interesting point when we see Horner expressing his boredom with Margery in pantomime as we pass his lodgings enroute to another setting. There is jazz harpsichord accompaniment, which at first seems anachronistic but which we welcome more and more as the evening goes on.

All of this does demonstrate the company's ambition and the technical competence of its actors to speak and play period material. And hopefully these actors will, with experience, develop greater coinfidence, depth, and excitement, and the men who direct them will learn to engender the sort of high theatrical voltage a theater like this should have.

WALTHAM, MASS.

BRANDEIS University's handsome new Nate B. and Frances Spingold Theater Arts Center had its formal opening on December 2. The center is a circular structure built into the side of a hill; Max Abramovitz has designed it to hold three theaters and Brandeis's Theater Arts Department. The opening performance of *Volpone* was presented in the large 750-seat theater with one of America's greatest actors, Morris Carnovsky, playing the title role and a cast which was, with minor exceptions, fully professional. Since Mr. Carnovsky will be a member of the Brandeis faculty, it is projected that Brandeis will be able to offer highest-quality professional productions using visiting professionals and students from its own Graduate Department of Theater Arts.

If *Volpone* is any criterion, the project may already be hailed as successful, for Mr. Carnovsky is a delightful old fox, John Cunningham an adept Mosca, Hiram Sherman an amusing droll Corvino, and Patricia Peardon pretty and pink as Corvino's wife. Indeed ensuing productions using a higher proportion of students may now suffer by comparison.

—HENRY HEWES.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1655

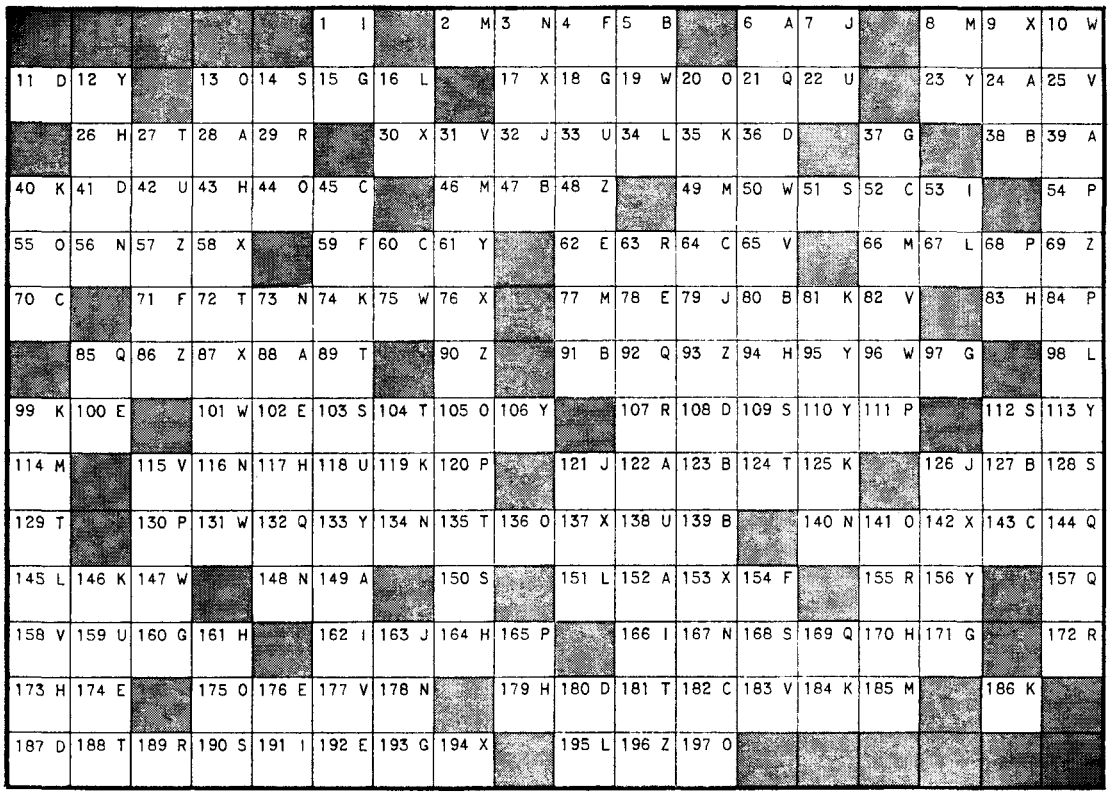
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Esurience.	88 39 28 24 122 152 6 149
B. Similarity.	91 127 47 5 80 123 139 38
C. Following *Baron*, a favorite "incognito" title for two Princes of Wales on visiting this country.	70 60 45 143 52 182 64
D. Site of "the olive grove of Academe", acc'g to Milton.	108 41 36 180 11 187
E. Devices for training naval gun pointers without using ammunition.	62 176 102 100 192 78 174
F. Benevolent and protective in this order.	154 59 4 71
G. Dried root used as an astringent.	193 18 15 171 37 160 97
H. A bugbear; *bête noire* (2 wds.)	26 94 164 117 161 179 43 173 170 83
I. Moral attitudes, practices, ideals of a people.	53 162 191 1 166
J. Delinquent person who may be an airline's headache, but the extra passenger's delight (comp.)	32 7 121 163 79 126
K. Resulted; came to pass.	99 74 125 146 184 40 186 35 119 81
L. Followed by *and heaven too*, expression of thanks by Matthew Henry, 17th cent. (2 wds.)	34 98 151 16 67 145 195
M. Members of a dozen.	8 49 114 2 77 66 185 46
N. Oppenheim's condition as he "went fording through the rising flood" (Belloc: *Verses to a Lord;* comp.)	167 116 73 134 148 56 3 178 140
O. Autocratic; discretionary.	136 141 175 20 13 105 55 44 197
P. *Specifying the "snakes* with double tongue", admonished to "come not near our fairy queen" *(Midsummer Night's Dream).*	130 54 84 111 165 68 120
Q. Conquers by cleverness.	132 92 144 85 169 157 21
R. Residential section of most communities.	189 107 155 63 172 29
S. Last of June.	112 14 109 168 190 150 51 128 103
T. Spectacular and rare achievement in golf (3 wds.)	129 188 135 89 72 124 27 181 104
U. One, or both, of two.	138 159 22 42 33 118
V. Precipitancy.	177 183 25 158 65 31 115 82
W. This policy, pursued by Nelson Rockefeller, was a good one in S. America in the Forties.	131 75 10 147 50 96 101 19
X. Recoil (2 wds.)	58 9 76 142 194 137 30 87 17 153
Y. Followed by *what*, to be informed (2 wds.)	12 110 156 133 23 113 95 61 106
Z. Special skullcap worn often by Jewish men.	48 90 57 69 93 196 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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The Thunderbird Touch:
A speed control conveniently located on the steering wheel

1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roof

Relax! Thunderbird's new 1966 Highway Pilot Control option makes long drives almost effortless. It lets you "set," "retard," and "resume" your cruising speed with just a flick of your finger. This unit is thoughtfully located within the spokes of Thunderbird's Swing-Away steering wheel.

Other Thunderbird personal touches for 1966: a new full-width taillight, a new 4-speaker AM Radio/Stereo-Sonic Tape option. Easy-loading cartridges give you over 70 minutes of music. There's a new push-button Safety-Convenience Panel mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models; a more powerful, standard V-8 . . . a monumental 428-cubic-inch V-8 option . . . and all the craftsmanship that has made this car a trend-setting classic in its own time!

Thunderbird

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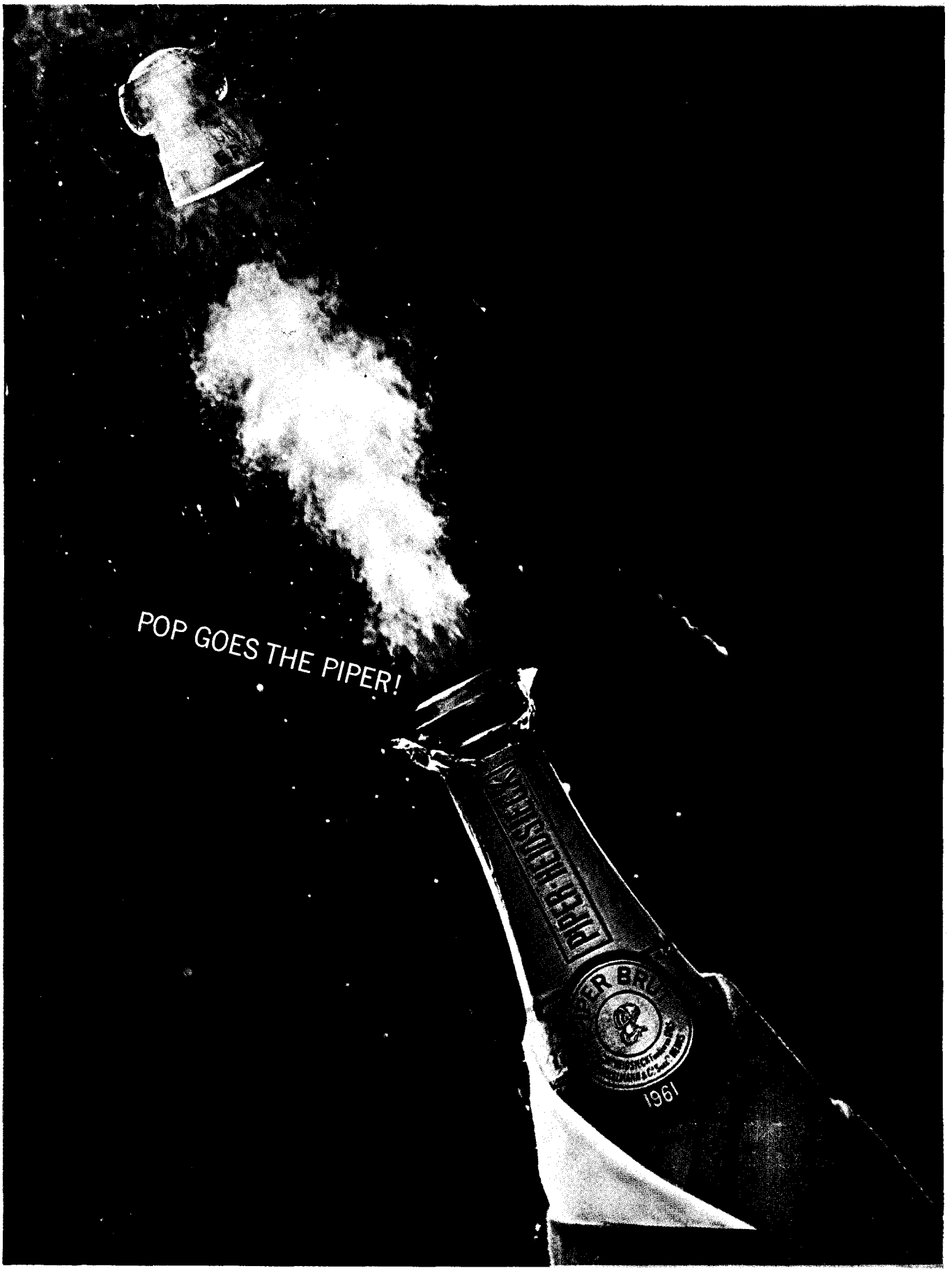

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...from grapes so rare, from care so experienced.
...even the cork is an exclusive preparation.
...the most civilized drink in the civilized world.

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